San Francisco, November 15, 1900

THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

Volume XLIX *Number 46*

The Christ.

NO idle superstition made Him;
Nor canst thou, critic, him unmake;
No sect upreared his holy stature,
Beloved for its divineness' sake.

He grew not great by priestly cunning,
Nor magic gifts, nor Eastern arts;
Immortal love sprang up to honor
The fair ideal of our hearts.

As from some dreamer's inspiration
Each noble school of science grew,
And rules that help the striving many
Were molded from the gifted few,

So, from his life and thoughts transcendent,
Flashed light that ages cannot dim;
Blind faith and feeling are before him;
Religion followed after him.

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

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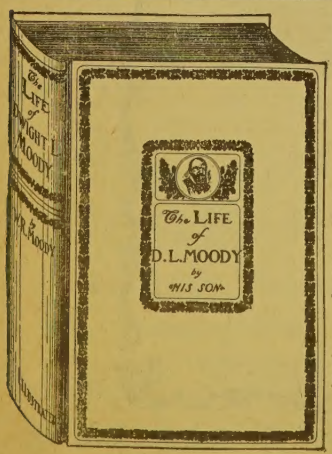

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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . without partiality and without hypocrisy"

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal. Thursday, November 15, 1900

Trust and Rest.

"Fret not, poor soul, while doubt and fear
Disturb thy breast;
The pitying angels who can see
How vain thy wild regret must be
Say, trust and rest.

Plan not nor scheme, but calmly wait;
His choice is best;
While blind and erring is thy sight,
His wisdom sees and judges right,
So, trust and rest.

Strive not, nor struggle; thy poor might
Can never wrest
The meanest thing to serve thy will;
All power is his alone; be still,
And trust and rest.

Walking along the streets of Portland, Oregon, recently the present writer noticed at the entrance of a saloon the very appropriate and suggestive name, "Handicap," The word fits the saloon exactly. It handicaps a man—puts weights on him, makes it more difficult for him to win any of the prizes of life. The time has come when the business world has a greatly restricted place for the man who is only a moderate drinker, to say nothing of those who indulge immoderately. Not long ago in one of the cities of this country, thirty of the leading business firms were asked, "Is there any room in your line of business for an exceptionally capable young man, who has every qualification for business, except that out of business hours he drinks in moderation and with his friends?" The persons enquired of were wholesale and retail merchants, bankers, lumbermen, grain dealers, editors, college presidents, heads of public institutions, managers of insurance companies and of railways. Without exception the answers were in effect that they had no place in their business for men who drank. Business is business; it isn't pleasure; it isn't dissipation. In this strenuous age it demands whole men. Men at the head of great enterprises have to put their entire best selves into their work or go under in the struggle to which all are subject. Thus impelled themselves they cannot afford place for any one who contracts the liquor drinking habit. They know that it weakens a man and, sooner or later, incapacitates him. The business world has begun to outlaw the drinking man. The time will come when it will feel like outlawing the saloon that helps to make the drinking man.

The prayers of those temperance women who prayed for the defeat of Mr. McKinley were not answered—at least, not as they hoped they would be answered. Mr. McKinley was re-elected. We have no doubt that there were just as devout men and women as these W. C. T. U. women praying for his election. In the South African war many prayers went up from the Boers for the God of battles to give victory to what they regarded as their righteous cause. But victory did not rest upon their banners. There were many prayers also in behalf of England's cause. It is said that the outcome of the struggle in South Africa has weakened President Kruger's Christian faith. It seemed to him that God must hear and answer their prayers by giving them victory in the struggle. It is to be hoped that our good W. C. T. U. women who were led into the campaign prayer chain will not have their faith weakened. Often in the past God has answered their prayers, and they have been enabled to do a grand work for the world. There is yet a work for them all. But, let it never be forgotten that there is no true prayer that remains unanswered. He prays aright who prays as Christ prayed, "Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done."

Now that the constitutional amendment for the exemption of church property from taxation has carried and California is in line with the rest of the country, it may not be amiss to

suggest a thank-offering on the part of our churches. Would it not be the right thing for the churches, the first year they are benefited by the exemption, to give to the home missionary work of the state the whole amount thus saved? This may not meet with favor. But certainly there is not a church that will not show its gratitude by some offering. Why not begin right now, and thus swell the contributions for our home missionary work at a time when we are about to assume self-support? Let us in very truth lift up our eyes to the hills from whence cometh our help.

Getting the Best.

"We do not expect to remain here long, and we wish to get the best to be had while we are here." Such were the words of a man somewhat past middle life, a member of a prominent church that was seeking a pastor a few years ago. He spoke for himself and others, his friends. Referring to this remark recently it was said by another that these people could not in any way be induced to leave their church where they were now getting the best in preaching and the best in various ways to enter upon the work of building up a church in another locality. But, why not? How do men get that which is best? Once there was one who left a home, the richest and best in all the universe. He had glory with the Father in that home before the world was. But he left it all; he emptied himself; he came down to the toil and sorrow of the world because there was need of him here. The Apostle Paul says, "*Wherefore* God hath highly exalted him and given him the name which is above every name." And this same old Christian hero says, "Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus." That mind—that spirit—was in Paul. He might have had an easy life; he might have enjoyed the best that there was in the religious and social circles about him, but he listened to such cries as the Macedonian one, "Come over and help us." He went finally in chains to Rome, and later to a cruel death, but his soul went up into an eternal companionship with the Infinite Father, and his name to an exalted place on the list of the world's heroes. The Son of God might have persuaded himself that it wasn't his duty to come down to earth in the form of a servant; Paul might have persuaded himself that it wasn't his duty to hearken to the calls to which he did hearken. If they had so persuaded themselves we well know that all the currents of human life and history would be different from what they are, and that they themselves would not occupy the pedestals now assigned them. It isn't the man who listens every Sunday to excellent preaching and fine music who gets the best that is to be had. In the light of two worlds, he gets the best who enthrones Christ the most in his heart and life. Some time—if not here, then, hereafter—all will realize that the best preaching is not that which thrills for the moment, but that which inspires a soul to lead such a life of service as Christ led here upon the earth.

An old legend informs us that when the soldiers of Alexander were riding through an underground passage the hoofs of their horses struck from pebbles sparks of fire. Leaping from their horses some of the soldiers gathered a few of these pebbles. Later it was discovered that they were the most precious of stones. And then they that had gathered were sorry that they had not gathered more, and they that had gathered none were sorrier still.

The best jewels, the precious jewels of life, are gathered only by those in whose lives Christ is supremely regnant. Some time—in the other world—they that have gathered will be sorry because they did not gather more, and they who have gathered none will be sorrier still.

For some time the organization of a Congregational church at Palo Alto has been under advisement. There has been a difference of opinion as to the wisdom and propriety of such a movement in that university town, where there were already six churches. But the council called from among the churches of the Santa Clara Association voted unanimously last Friday to recognize the church, and it is started on its hopeful way. Thirty-five persons have united in its organization, and enough others have expressed their willingness to unite as soon as letters can be secured to bring the membership up to fifty. We had it from the lips of the Rev. E. S. Williams in the Monday meeting of the ministers that no one could have been a member of the council and voted against the recognition of the

church; that the way for it was clear and the opening beyond question. It appears that the Congregational church was in the field earlier than several of the churches now organized there, and that in deference to comity with the Presbyterians it postponed for a while, and from time to time, its organization. It is true that the Presbyterian church is by no means yet a strong church, and it was their desire that the Congregational people unite with them in work and worship. However, it seemed to the Congregational people that this would tend to their weakening and would make more difficult the organization and maintenance of a church even when the town had doubled its population. The present seemed to them the opportune time, and the council which they called has coincided with them. Reference was made in the council to a letter from the Comity Committee which stated that all objections made by it in the past to the organization of a Congregational church in Palo Alto had been withdrawn. We hope that the future will show to all that the Congregationalists have not done violence to the spirit of Christian fellowship by inaugurating in this formal and organized manner their work in Palo Alto. Stanford is destined to be a far greater university than it is today, and Palo Alto must have considerable growth, and because of its proximity to the university be a desirable place of residence for many cultured people.

Chronicle and Comment.

"Oakland will be a larger city than San Francisco, some day," says a far-sighted Californian.

Pacific Coast people who go East for a time invariably learn that there are throughout the East great expectations for the future of this coast. They see there to what we are to attain more generally and more accurately than it is seen here.

It is thought that the time is not far distant when travelers will cross the Atlantic about as quickly as they can go from San Francisco to New York. The latest record is five days, twelve hours and twenty-eight minutes. But the prediction is that it will not be many years until it will be reduced to four days.

A writer in The World's Work, on the riches of rural Nebraska, says that he knows a German market gardener who, within the past ten years has placed himself in independent circumstances by intensive cultivation of four acres, while his nearest neighbor, who cultivates two hundred and eighty acres of corn in the orthodox prairie fashion is perennially "hard up." Intensive cultivation! Would it not result well also in the religious field?

Eight hundred and seventy-eight millions of people live on the shores of the Pacific ocean—one hundred million more than one-half of the population of the globe. Across the ocean they are awakening from the sleep of ages, and demanding the conveniences of modern life and civilization. Twenty-five years will work great changes on this Pacific coast and the next century will see here one of the greatest cities on the continent.

The new battleship Maine, to take the place of the one lying in Cuban waters, is nearing completion. It is the intention to launch the vessel on the 15th of next February, the third anniversary of the destruction of the old ship by the Spaniards. It was an evil day for Spain when wicked hands set the fuse that sent that battleship to the bottom of Havana's waters. But it was a good day for Cuba. We can look back over it all now and find illustrated the Scripture words, "The wrath of man shall praise him."

The bootblack is an innovation on the Illinois Central suburban trains at Chicago. Twenty were a success from the start last week, and every train is to have its bootblack now, uniformed similarly to the trainmen. But what is a convenience on the Illinois Central trains might not be on other trains. On that road the suburban trains have side seats, and the bootblacks can do their work conveniently for themselves and their customers. On nearly all the other roads the seats are not thus arranged. Little things have brought about great changes often. The query arises, Will the introduction of bootblacks on the Illinois Central change the seating plan on every suburban railway?

The general passenger agents of railroads centering in Chicago discussed a few days ago the question of half-fare rates for clergymen. One said that it was his observation that led him to believe that nine-tenths of the traveling done by ministers is for the purpose of making money by lecturing, and that in some cases they demand big money for their work. Another said, "We don't lose anything by making half-rates to ministers. Next to the daily paper I think the clergy is the best advertising medium. We can directly trace thousands of dollars of our revenue to friendly words of ministers to their friends contemplating trips." And another said: "Clergymen

will get half-rates on our road as long as our president continues in office, even if every other railroad in the country abolishes the half-rate custom. As a rule preachers are pretty good fellows, and I think we ought to help them along." And the conclusion was that it would be impracticable to discontinue the half-rate. The present writer believed the half-fare rate for clergymen long before he stood where it could be accorded him. The preacher of the gospel does a great deal of work for which he never gets any financial return, and the large majority are never blessed with salaries that will permit them to accumulate anything. Then, too, the railroads do not lose anything by this courtesy. In one way and another they are amply repaid for all that they grant. There would never have been much discussion about the discontinuing of the rate if some ministers had not abused the privileges given them.

The Religious World.

The theological seminaries have, collectively, a much larger attendance of students than they have had for some time.

Not less than four million dollars have been spent in New York City during the last few months in church improvements.

For the first time in its history the Church Missionary Society of England has passed the two-million-dollar point in its annual receipts.

A delegate convention of the organizations among Roman Catholic laymen will be held the last of this month in New York for the purpose of forming a federation of those organizations. This is said to be for moral and spiritual ends, not for political.

In an article on "Asiatic Conditions and International Policies," Captain Mahan says: "The part offered to us is great, the urgency is immediate, and the preparation made for us, rather than by us, in the unwilling acquisition of the Philippines, is so obvious as to embolden even the least presumptious to see in it the hand of Providence."

The best criticism we have seen of "The Reign of Law," by James Lane Allen, is in Harper's Weekly. It is there noted that in one important thing the book is disappointing. The impression one gets from it is not merely that the seeker did not attain to a degree of religious knowledge that satisfied him, but that there was no truth in the Christian religion that could satisfy him. He turned to science in despair of religion, and the author's implication is that he was justified in his despair. It is a pity that so good a book should seem to teach so false a lesson. Mr. Allen is hardly a success as a teacher of religion.

Tolstoi, recently excommunicated from the Greek church, says that to the true Christian the term property has no significance whatever. "Food, raiment and shelter are of course necessaries of mortal life to Christians, as to all human beings, but as soon as I admit my right to property, I will necessarily try to keep it from others and to increase it, and therefore will deviate very far from the true teaching of Christ. All that I use I only use till some one takes it from me; I may not defend my property, so I hold none." Mrs. Alice B. Stockham of Chicago, who has been in Russia and has met Tolstoi in his home says: "Tolstoi would be great in any country. Even in free America he would stand head and shoulders above other giants in proclaiming truth from his viewpoint."

The Rev. O. H. Gulick of Honolulu writes in the Missionary Review concerning "The Mission of Hawaii." He regards it as a mighty witness to the power of the gospel that that little kingdom for three quarters of a century has been permitted to stand alone, her anatomy acknowledged, the decision of her courts of admiralty and of jurisprudence respected by all the mighty nations of the earth. And now with the surging billows of Asia's mighty nations touching and breaking upon her shores, linked with one of the greatest nations of earth, her mission will be the exercise of a Christian influence upon the peoples of the East. For this purpose it is thought that the position of the islands is unique: "There is no spot," it is said, "where the race question is being more happily solved—none where a man is more regarded for his inherent qualities, rather than for his race affinities; none where the races mix with greater harmony in social, business and political circles."

A writer in the North American Review declares that Mohammedanism is on the way to a total conquest of the Dark Continent. "One-half of the whole of Africa is already dominated by Islam, while of the remaining half one-quarter is leavened and another threatened by it." It is in a very simple manner that Mohammedanism attains its success. No missionaries are sent forth. The emissaries of that faith are the travelers and merchants who, while engaged in lucrative occupations incidentally implant their doctrines. Concerning their marvelous adaptability, it is said: "Where Mohammedans find an ancient civilization, as for example in China, they avoid either wounding or provoking those of a different belief, and manage to adapt religious ordinances to old customs." In China Mohammedanism has united, it is said, that which is best in Confucianism and Buddhism. We do not believe that any country on the globe is to be given up to Islamism. But in its spread

there comes a loud call to the Christian church to consecrate itself to the work to which God has called it. "Go ye," said the Master, "and disciple all nations."

Bishop Vincent has said some good things recently concerning the coming to Christ. We quote: "Coming unto him is not necessarily accompanied by intense emotion. One may be moved to tears of penitence and songs of triumph as he realizes the change of his relations from rebellion or indifference to decision and assurance. But the act by which one passes from the one state into the other is not always attended by strong feeling. It is an act of the will. One may make the decision with perfect calmness and deliberateness. Indeed, intense excitement may be caused entirely by incidental conditions, by pathetic stories, by touching music, by natural affection, by magnetic and hypnotic influence. It is lamentable enough to confound such effects with the work of the Holy Spirit. And no words of condemnation are too severe for religious and evangelistic sensationalists, who thus minister to self-deception of ignorant and misguided souls. Religious feeling and religious character are very different things. Wise men discriminate. Coming unto Christ will, soon or late, bring a feeling of peace or rapture; but a sense of peace or rapture is not coming unto Christ." Such thought as this has had growing acceptance during recent years, and it has changed greatly the methods of the Methodist Episcopal ministers in their efforts to win men to Christ. The revival will continue to have place and power in that church, but it will not be the place held mostly through the century.

"Of Such Is the Kingdom of Heaven"

BY REV. GEORGE C. AD MS.

The angel of death has visited our home, and he came so gently that we failed to recognize him. Twenty months ago we were watching for him; for many weeks we waited, expecting every day that he would come, and he passed us by; the little life that had seemed too frail for the physicians and nurses to protect had baffled the great destroyer, and came back to us. We speak yet, and always shall, of the morning when our boy died during that long nightmare of sickness; we watched him draw his last breath, we felt the pulse go out, we turned away to plan for the disposal of the body, and when we looked again we were astonished to find him breathing softly and coming back to us; the little feet had gone down to the verge of the river, and some angel messenger had turned him back. There was still awork for him to do; he came back with a message to deliver; and from the hour when he revived until that hour the other day when he went to sleep he has been different from other children. He came back to us with the sense of hearing lost, and only partial sight; but as if in compensation his brain was wonderfully clear and his perceptions were unusually acute. His affections had been strengthened, and he clung to us, and showed his appreciation of everything done for him. His prompt "Thank you" for any little attention shown him will ring in our ears as long as we live. Any trifling gift sent him from some friend would leave him anxious to go to the donor and express his thanks.

He knew no evil; it is an usual thing for a boy of eight to know not one bad word. The closing of his ears had shut out the conversation of vile persons, and his thoughts and his speech were as pure as those of an infant that had just learned to talk. His prayer, learned in his infancy, was never forgotten, and he could not sleep until he had knelt and repeated every word of it. When a loved uncle, for whom he was named, died recently, he went away by himself, and thought it all out, and began talking of his uncle as not in the body, but gone home to his Savior.

Few children have so many friends; the conductors and motormen on the street cars knew him, and asked for him if he was not with the family; our neighbor's gardener, the postman, the sexton of the church, loved him as their own child. It seemed strange that so many elderly men made much of him; perhaps it was because of their sympathy for him in what he had lost, but surely no child ever had more warm friends. The doctors who tried their best to help bring back the lost sense, never spoke of him as their patient—they had a personal love for him. He was surrounded by an atmosphere of love, and in his own heart he knew no feeling but of love for any human being.

We watched him with the feeling that he was lent to us for a season. His heart action was never right after his terrible sickness, and no one could doubt that the organ had been so much impaired that it might not long continue its work. He loved to attend the church services and the Sunday-school, even though he heard nothing of the service; and two weeks ago he felt weak at the close of Sunday-school. He had for some time chosen to walk to church, two miles, with his father; but that morning he said he would ride, and as the day passed we saw that there was a reason for it. He came home, and appeared better, but the next day was sick again, and the next, and then, one after another, many of the symptoms of his former sickness appeared, and one that had not been pronounced then—a severe pain in his head. For a week he lay upon his back with a wet cloth about his

head, taking whatever the doctor prescribed, but very little nourishment. Even then his spirit of fun was present, and in the intervals of headache he laughed at everything humorous. We had a consultation of physicians, and he bore patiently, without a murmur, a trying examination, and did instantly all that was asked of him.

It was a little past midnight. His breathing had been such as to make us watchful; he had been murmuring, and we think he was singing a little hymn that he loved. Suddenly, with only a slight sound, such as a tired child might make when lying down to rest, he rose up a little, turned over on his side, clasped his hands in his favorite way under his cheek, and lay down with a sweet smile on his face; and when we felt for his pulse it was gone; we could not tell when he drew his last breath; we only know that when his sister, who had been his constant companion night and day, entered the room she had left a moment before, she was startled by an appearance in the room that seemed like the presence of angels; no doubt or logic can ever shake our faith that they were there and went with him to the Savior whose name he loved.

We feel that for a few years an angel has been among us; as a household we have been drawn to each other as we never could have been by our affections alone. And surely no people were ever so kind as ours have been. We know that it is well with the child; our weeping is not because he has gone, but because there has been a presence among us that was sacred. If we could only be as pure, as loving, as fit for heaven as that boy, we should be fulfilling God's great plan for us. We know what Jesus meant when he said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

A "Change of Emphasis" in Missions.

BY WM C. POND.

Last week's Pacific contained an abstract of the account given at our Ministers' Meeting on the Monday previous, by Rev. Dr. McLean of the meeting of the American Board at St. Louis. It contained the following statement: "It was evident in the meeting in St. Louis, as well as elsewhere, that the work of missions is regarded now as more a movement against heathen civilization, not so much for the saving of the individual as for the saving of the world—making it a place where the spirit of Christ shall prevail and rule."

I was prevented from attending that meeting, but I must not doubt the accuracy of the Pacific's report of Dr. McLean's statement; while Dr. McLean himself is too sagacious an observer, and too reliable a reporter for me to be able to doubt the correctness of whatever he has said. But all this helps to make his statement the worst bit of news that I have had from East or West for many a day. And so our dear old Board, after the record it has made in the Hawaiian Islands, in Micronesia, in Western Asia, and elsewhere along the line marked out by our Master, of seeking and saving lost souls—of preaching repentance which is certainly a personal, individual act, or faith in the Lord Jesus, which is also individual, or the new birth which is also individual—is going now to seek the salvation of the world in general and of nobody in particular; is going to put a white plaster of Western civilization over the reeking mass of human hearts, selfish still and passionate and cruel, and will call that Christian missions! It is bad news indeed.

It is not wholly new, I know, for he is a blind observer who has not seen in these naturalistic, unbelieving days, after so long a period in which the churches have been largely destitute of spiritual effectiveness, in which we have seen so few powerful revivals anywhere and no general outpouring of the Spirit like that of '39 or '58—he is blind, I say, who has not seen a sinking into content with such a state of things, and, in order to content in it, an undervaluing of conversion, of repentance, of regeneration, and a reaching out after culture and environment and civilization as the sources of hope for the redemption of our race. But, that our American Board has become infected with this spirit, is news too bad to be true. I find myself refusing to believe it, even upon such testimony as that of Dr. McLean.

It was the devil who offered to Jesus all the kingdoms of this world, with all the opportunities which world-wide dominion would give him for introducing in the corrupt and filthy cities of that time good laws, good judges, good sanitation, good schools, all the appliances by which the environment of men could be improved; and it was Jesus who replied to the proposal: "Get thee behind me, Satan." And he turned from all this, too busy seeking and saving men individually ever, so far as we know, to have had anything to say about civilization, or even about reforms, unless it be in the single matter of divorce. It was not reforming—not changing the form, not washing the outside of the cup and the platter, he had uppermost in mind. It was to open the only fountains of real reformation, by renewing the hearts of men. Give us converted men, men loyal to Christ and inspired by his love; and then cleanliness, schools, sanitation, all the elements of genuine civilization will come of themselves as naturally as good fruit on a good fruit tree.

This testimony as to the trend of thought and interest now among Christian people concerned for missions, calls for renewed earnestness and unresting importunity in our cry to God for a general and powerful outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

The Present Crisis in China from the Standpoint of a Christian Chinese.

REV. GEE GAM.

Ever since the Boxer outbreak I have been repeatedly asked by friends from far and near to express my opinion of the matter. I have kept silence for a long time, but still the requests come, and I feel constrained to endeavor to set forth some of the facts which caused the uprising and resulted in the massacre of many missionaries and other foreigners and thousands of Chinese Christians. Those who have survived the massacre are destitute and homeless. Our hearts ache with sorrow for the occurrence of these outrages. We know of no words that are adequate to express our horror at them. Every instigator of those cruel wrongs should be severely punished in proportion to the enormity of his crimes and by this means make them a lasting warning to the people.

As to most of the poor ignorant people who perpetrated the crimes, they are more sinned against than sinning. They are ignorant. They have been deceived by the lies of men who knew they were lying and who thus sent them into the work of the mob and into battle with the Westerners to be, thousands of them, slaughtered and tortured, while the real criminals stayed in the rear. To the relatives and friends of those missionaries and other foreigners together with the many Christians who were massacred we extend our heart-felt sympathy and we cannot but rejoice to say that all these martyrs are happy with their Lord in heaven today. We also rejoice to know that the blood of the martyrs will become the seed of the church.

The Christian Chinese in San Francisco and many in other cities of the United States have held meetings every Tuesday evening from 9:30 to 10:30 o'clock to pray for China. Moreover, they have given many liberal contributions to relieve the suffering Christians in North China.

The cause of the trouble: The Chinese claimed that they had many good reasons for this uprising. It has often been charged by many non-Christian people in California that the missionaries were to blame for the present outbreak. I think this is unjust. I believe they are truly good men and have the good of China at heart. They have wrought a wonderful work. In fact, whatever China has accomplished is due to the teaching and preaching of these faithful missionaries. It is true that Romish missions have sometimes become political machines. Men have joined the Romish church and even whole villages have turned their ancestral halls into Romish chapels in order to further their causes in the courts through the influence of French consuls.

I can give you many incidents of this character, but one is sufficient. Several of the Congregational and Presbyterian Christians in the Lung How Lee of the Hoy Ping District not far from Canton, had a piece of land there and were building a free schoolhouse, which was almost completed, when the enemies of the mission rose and destroyed the building; worse than this, several of the rioters met and outraged a girl relative of one of the Christians. This girl, because of her disgrace, committed suicide by hanging. The Christians had the perpetrators before the District Magistrate, who was about to punish them; when suddenly all their relatives, together with the accomplices, about seventy in number, went to Canton and joined the Catholic church. They then got their priests and the French Consul to plead for their imprisoned relatives before the Chinese Governor. The result was that every one of the culprits was released and the cases dismissed. These infamous criminals as soon as they were set at liberty committed further outrages; they attacked the Christians, drove them from their homes and villages, and plundered all they had. All these crimes were committed before the eyes of the Catholic priests. How could they tolerate such detestable acts? It makes our blood boil to see such outrages. We are at a loss to understand why the Catholic priests admitted such people to their churches, and why the French Consul has so blindly used his influence to liberate such criminals. These things have not only occurred repeatedly in the Kwong Tung province of South China, but also throughout the whole Empire. The Catholic people have not only wronged the Christians, but also the non-Christians, and thus a strong sentiment is created against them. Whenever there is a chance to pay back, these people will inflict a heavy blow. In fact, these Catholics have already suffered the consequences of their wrongdoing; this is why there were so many more Catholics massacred than Protestants in the recent uprising.

But why should the people have killed the Christians at all? Well, in a time of anti-foreign uprising the people are easily misled. The rioters and those anxious to plunder would surely say, "The Christians are just the same as the Catholics," so they killed them to effect pillage.

It is also true that the missionaries, especially those of Catholic faith, have often been by ignorant people charged with decoying children into their missionary compound and then killing them in order to gouge their eyes out and secure their hearts to make medicines. And again we have

heard silly rumors like these: The foreigners send their missionaries to China to first win the hearts of the people, then come with armies to take China for their own. All these different rumors have had their origin in Buddhist and Tauist priests, who have shown most bitter jealously toward Christianity and missionaries.

While these absurd rumors have done a great deal of mischief by inciting the people in the recent outbreak, they are very insignificant when compared with the bitter feeling aroused by the greedy grabbing of Chinese territory by the different Powers. All praise to the United States, for she is the only nation that does not covet Chinese territory. The other Powers are all eager and doing their utmost to have China partitioned, so that they may each seize upon the territory they covet. In fact, Russia has already taken Port Arthur, Newchang and other important places, and had practically taken possession of the whole of Shen King Province and Manchuria, and still they want the Pechili Province and the whole of Mongolia.

Germany had taken Kiaochou and a large strip of valuable land from the Shan Tung Province and now she wants more; she wants that whole Province, and God alone knows what else she is after.

Great Britain took Hong Kong and then Wei-hai-wei and lately grabbed Kowloon, and for some time past her covetous eye has been firmly fixed on the Yangtse Valley.

France made seizure of Anam and Tong King several years ago and since then she is scheming to extend her northern boundary line far into Quang Se and Yun Nan provinces; she is planning soon to grab the beautiful island of Hainan.

Japan has also become insatiable. She has already grabbed the island of Formosa and now she is waiting impatiently to take forcible possession of the Foo Kien province. And even Italy has become avaricious. She tried to grab Sam Mon bay several years ago, but being single-handed, she failed in her attempt. And perhaps she is now using the power of the Allies to accomplish her greedy design. When the news of this grabbing reached from one end of the empire to the other, does any one wonder that the Chinese felt harsh toward the foreigners? If any one has any doubt in this regard let him just put himself in a Chinaman's place, and he will know it at once. So, I say, the greedy grabbing for territory by the different Powers is the principal cause for the recent uprising.

Then, again, there is the spirit of commercialism which has caused great enmity between China and the Western nations. For instance, in the year 1840 Great Britain, for greed of gain, declared war against China. The cause of the war was the destruction of over 20,000 chests of opium by the mandarins in their efforts to prevent its introduction into the Empire. This opium had previously been brought into China by British merchants. The mandarins repeatedly objected to its introduction and made frequent complaints to the British. Lem Ock Tuey, the viceroy of Canton, issued a proclamation prohibiting the people using opium, and saying that all violators would be beheaded. He afterwards found one of his sons a victim to its use, so taking him out to a public place he caused him to be beheaded before thousands of spectators. The mandarins continued to use every means in their power to keep opium out of China, but all to no avail. At length, in 1840, when they destroyed the 20,000 chests of opium, England claimed a just cause for war, and from this time on at the cannon's mouth opium has been forced on China. Just think! Opium, one of the worst poisons known to mankind. Opium has been and is a source of great revenue to England, but it is the greatest curse of China. It has ruined her to the very core, and is one of the great causes of the decay of the Empire. Many thousands of handsome, vigorous and hopeful young men are brought every day by its use to untimely deaths! Oh, how the good people of China hate opium! How the poor fathers and mothers weep for their opium-cursed sons! How many wives shed bitter tears day and night! How many little children go hungry because their fathers have become opium fiends! Yea, how many of these little ones were even sold by their opium-crazed fathers! What sorrow opium has brought to the homes! And England has thrived, yea, flourished at the expense of the Chinese. While England has been accumulating her ill-gotten gains, opium has blighted and devastated the population of China. It seems to me that no one but a Chinese can understand the misery. No wonder a Chinese official of high rank made the following ever-memorable request of a retiring British Minister: "I am sorry you are going away, but as you have to, I do wish so much that you would take your opium back with you to England!" And I dare say that was the greatest slap Great Britain has ever received. Christian England! I beseech you to visit the homes which your opium has ruined and desolated. Christian England! I beseech you to rise and call a halt in your infamous traffic! Christian England! be quick and make amends, for unless you do God will never forgive you.

There are many ways in which England can redeem the wrong she has done to China. First of all, she should stop the traffic in opium. Then, she can also redeem herself today by joining the United States and Japan to

bring about a speedy and peaceful settlement of the present trouble in China. If these three Powers should declare that they never would permit her dismemberment, China would certainly be preserved. If this good work is accomplished the United States, England and Japan will be China's greatest friends. They will be rewarded with commerce and other special privileges. In other words, they will receive a thousand fold in return.

But to grab China by the throat and say to her, "Give us the best you have," is barbarous and non-Christian; for it is contrary to the teaching of Christ. To take advantage of China's weakness is inhuman. China today is like a man who married in the late years of his life, and was blessed with a large family of children who were too young to be of any service to him. For the last few years he was sickly and weak. The house in which he himself and family lived was a very fine one and was the only inheritance from his father; but his many neighbors, who were rich and powerful and able to assist and establish him if they wished, were, unfortunately, a little selfish, and looked toward his inheritance with longing eyes. Five of the neighbors, with an insatiable desire for gain, and with the forced consent of the owner, took those rooms which each deemed best for his own interest and gain. Those neighbors are now devising schemes and pretences by which they may grab the best remaining portions. To some minds it seems best that this heritage should be thus partitioned, and they claim that it is the only way to develop and improve this possession, thus utterly ignoring the claims and interests of the lawful possessors.

And now, friends, China is the inheritance and the covetous and greedy neighbors are those whom I have mentioned above. How much better it would be for all the great civilized and Christian nations to make a unanimous effort to help preserve, build up and christianize China, rather than to tear her to pieces.

Of course, I must admit that the Chinese government, viz., the Empress Dowager, is also responsible for the present state of affairs in China. She was deceived by Prince Tuan, the great anti-foreign leader, who represented to her that the Boxers possessed a most remarkable power, by the exercise of which they were able to close the mouths of foreign cannon and also to render themselves bullet-proof. He also told her that they were the best fighters, the best protectors of her dynasty, and the best men to drive out the foreigners. But lately we learn that she greatly regrets the step she has taken and has issued two edicts urging the Boxers to disperse to their homes and be law-abiding subjects, that they were to be destroyed if they should oppose the government troops in any way whatever. If this is true, there is great hope for China. We sincerely hope that she will at once abdicate and allow the Emperor, Kwang Hsu, to resume control, for he is just the man that China needs today. Oh, I do wish that the Powers would demand his return to the throne! I am certain that the Powers can render no better service to China than to make this demand and see to it that it is complied with. If the Emperor were again in power there would be an easy settlement of the present uprising. The outcome of this general shake-up will mark a new epoch which will undoubtedly result in the upbuilding of the Empire, for I am sure that God will overrule this present trouble for the good of China. There will be a great opening for commerce and railroad building, for the development of the mines, for education and governmental reforms, for all Western improvements and for the triumph of Christianity.

God has a great future for China. He has preserved her for nearly 5,000 years, and he will still preserve her to his glory. The land of Sinim is to be won for Christ. The Chinese Empire will then have the same footing as other nations, for her subjects have in them the making of a great people. Chinese who become Christians in American will also be a great factor in building up China. God's plan is beyond the comprehension of man. He saw that America did not send forth missionaries fast enough, so he brought out the secluded Chinese to this country to be Christianized by the disciples of Christ, so that they may go back as volunteer missionaries and thus hasten the conversion of China.

We are sincerely thankful to America for taking the initiative in negotiations toward preserving the integrity of China. Now, as a friend and neighbor, let her continue her good work, and may the European Powers speedily agree to a peaceful settlement of the entire trouble. Then let America and other Christian nations flood China with ten thousand Protestant missionaries, for I am sure that this is one of the best solutions of the Chinese question and the only way to conquer China for Christ.

Many, many years ago, salt was so hard to obtain, but so necessary to have, that Roman soldiers were paid part of their wages in salt. Now the Latin word for salt is sal, and from that came the word salarium, meaning salt money. Finally the soldiers were paid only in money, but the term salarium was still used to designate these wages. From this old Latin word comes our English word salary. Do you see then why we say of a worthless fellow that he "is not worth his salt?"

Notes on a Trip to the Mother Country.

By Prof. F. H. Foster.

IX—CAMBRIDGE.

I may have been prejudiced in favor of Cambridge, for I was educated at Cambridge, Mass., and my memory of Puritan traditions in connection with the mother university had always been vivid. This was the university of Harvard, and John Robinson, and Cotton, and Cromwell, and Milton—and a host of others. But prejudiced or not and wise in my preference or not, I was won for Cambridge when, in the chapel of Emanuel College, beside the figures of bishops and learned men, I saw emblazoned in undying colors in one of the windows, the form of John Harvard. From that moment I felt at home as I had not in Oxford.

I soon gave, as so many others have, the palm for beauty to Cambridge. The buildings are often plainer than those at Oxford, but they are built of better stone, and preserve, as a whole, their original beauty better, and then, there is no spot in Oxford which begins to compare with the King's Parade in Cambridge, the central feature of which is King's College Chapel, a splendid structure of perequaled in Oxford. The "backs," too, are unequalled in Oxford. This word means backside, or the side of the colleges turned away from the street. The main street, called by several names, runs parallel to the river Granta or Cam, and the principal colleges—St. Peter's, King's, Cains, Trinity, St. John's, and so forth—front on the street, and "back" on the river. Advantage has been taken of this fact to put the recreation grounds, gardens, etc., on the river, and to confine its stream between definite banks, and to adorn it with unique and beautiful bridges. And thus it affords a number of views of unsurpassed loveliness. The view back of Trinity, looking through over the river to the tower of St. John's, King's College Chapel and Clare College, Trinity avenue, the "Bride of Sighs," and Queen's bridge, will ever remain indelibly printed on the mind.

We wandered about the colleges a good deal; but there is little to say about their general plan except to say that it is precisely that of Oxford. Trinity is the largest; St. John's, the most beautiful. I have before alluded to the Sunday afternoon service in King's College Chapel. These college chapels are generally built on the theory that they form the choir of a larger church, like an abbey. Often you have, especially at Oxford, an "ante-chapel" which is formed of two transepts, and thus still more of the form of the larger church is reproduced. King's College Chapel is, however, simply an oblong building, divided at the center by a large screen, carrying the organ, into a choir and a nave. By the courtesy of Dr. Forsyth, we had seats with Prof. Geo. B. Stevens of Yale, in the choir. The service was the simple evening prayer of the church of England. But how reverently and deliberately it was rendered! The general confession was said literally "after" the priest by the people. "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done," he said, and paused as if to impress it upon his heart; and then the congregation repeated it, slowly and impressively, as if they meant it, and desired to feel it as they uttered it. And so the service went on. The music, by boys and men, was, of course, perfect; but the reverent and worshipful air with which psalter, chants and anthem were sung was equaled nowhere else in England. We went out in silence, as out of a house of God.

The chapel architecturally is one of the best specimens of the final English Gothic style, the perpendicular. The fan tracery of the roof is all legitimate vaulting, and there is nowhere in the chapel anything of the fantastic and excessive, such as disfigures the vaulting of Henry VII's chapel at Westminster Abbey. All is rich, elaborate, but severely in good taste.

That Sunday was memorable for two sermons that I heard, one by Dr. Forsyth in the Congregational church in the morning, on "Original Sin." The doctor wore the preacher's gown and over it the red hood of his Aberdeen doctorate of divinity. The sermon was a strong endeavor to rid the doctrine of certain excrescences, but preserve its essential and valuable truth. In the evening I heard Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren). Like Dr. Forsyth, he appeared in gown and (white) doctor's hood. The opening service was conducted by the young pastor of the Presbyterian church where the service was held. His prayer was remarkable for its scope and tenderness of its petitions. Watson mounted the pulpit during the singing of a hymn, and conned his Bible, looked over his audience, and adjusted himself with somewhat elaborate care. The sermon was on the two estimates of Zaccheus in Luke xix: 7, 9—"a man that is a sinner"—"he also is a son of Abraham." I quote a paragraph from what may be regarded as Watson's own report of the sermon in McClure's for August:

"For years the religious people of Jericho had been doing all they knew with Zaccheus, and they had made a poor business of their efforts at salvation. They had tried, advice, denunciation, ostracism, excommunication, in vain: one plan they had not thought of, and that was believing in Zaccheus. This was the original idea of Jesus, who did not preach at Zaccheus, but instead thereof asked his hospitality. He could have stayed at any house in Jericho: he went to the house of a man who had been put in pillory and pelted for a genera-

tion. When the Master said, 'Zaccheus, come down, I must abide at thy house today,' the publican heard the gospel for the first time, and saw the clouds break above his head. One man trusted him, and that man, Jesus of Nazareth. As Jesus went along the street with him under the reproach of the people, as the Master spake kindly to his host, who had never received a gracious word in his life from a good man, as the Friend of women and children gave gentle, respectful greeting to Zaccheus' family, the heart of Zaccheus melted within him. Jesus had treated him as if he were the most honorable, g nerous and upright man in Jericho. This, God knew, he had not been, but this, with God's help, he was going to be. 'Lord, the half of my goods I now give to the poor.' Jesus had not asked him. 'If I have wronged any man, this day shall I return him fourfold.' Jesus had not suggested such misdeeds. Before the charity of the Master the chains of avarice and dishonesty and pride and bitterness broke, and Zaccheus stood a free man before God and his fellowmen. This was God's Zaccheus. Who had been right, the Pharisee or Jesus, in his judgment and his method? 'Behold him,' said Jesus, in the triumph of grace, 'he also is a son of Abraham.' And so Jesus saved a sinner by believing in him."

It is needless to add that Dr. Watson held the attention of his crowded audience as in a vice.

The recent war in South Africa has made all Americans familiar with "Tommy Atkins," as the nickname of the British private soldier. The Rev. E. T. Hardy tells us the reason for this name. In 1857, when the native soldiers in India, who were called Sepoys, mutinied against the British Government, all the Europeans in Lucknow fled for safety to a large house called the Residency. On their way, they met a private soldier, who had been stationed as a sentry. They begged him to come with them, but replying that his post of duty lay where he was, the soldier refused to leave. Shortly afterward he was murdered while still on duty. His name was Thomas Atkins, and thereafter when a special deed of bravery was reported, it was said, "This man is a regular Thomas Atkins." Thus the name became fixed as a title of honor for the British private soldier.

A writer in the November Chautauquan says that some persons have thought Pascal a skeptic, but that nothing can be farther from the truth. "We must not mistake the shock of battle for the total overthrow. Pascal fought his way upward from an inherited and traditional faith to a conquered faith."

The Missionary Spirit.

BY NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

At the recent meeting of the A. M. A. in Springfield Dr. Hillis spoke in part as follows:

"In the hour when Christ approached the end of his career, he assembled his disciples and committed into their hands all those interests that were most precious to him. In his sublime forecast he outlined his ideal for a redeemed race and a transformed world, and that ideal leaped over all racial walls, swept in all peoples, journeyed across land and sea until it included all islands and continents. Like an advancing summer it swept on beyond the hills of Palestine, and included that city of art and culture, with its narrow racial ideals for Grecians alone. It moved on, and included that imperial city of law, that hitherto had known an ideal for only Roman citizens. Journeying ever forward, it included all individuals, white or black, all interests, social, political, spiritual, and staid not until it secured a transformed world. For Christ's ideal is under all the races and civilizations, as the solid foundations of our earth underlie and support all physical towns and cities. Christ's ideal of a unified race was over all men like the blue sky that arches all islands and continents. Going away, he emptied an ocean of love and hope upon the world, and caused our earth to roll out of darkness into light. And the response of his disciples to this movement, that was to be world-wide, was immediate and unconditional. With matchless enthusiasm these young knights of the new chivalry leaped into the arena. Beginning at Jerusalem they scattered in every direction, marching forth like columns of light. When twenty years had passed, Matthew was two thousand miles to the southwest, and, standing in the public square of a city in Abyssinia, the mob pressed in upon him and he "fell on death." At the same time, Jude was two thousand miles to the northeast, where a white-skinned mob crucified him, and later wept beside his tomb. James the Less journeyed east into Judea, and there met his executioner, as Paul did, journeying to the west. When two score years had passed, all the disciples save one had achieved a violent death, and blazed out paths in the dark, tangled forests. And when the torch fell from the hands of these heroes, their disciples snatched up the light and rushed on to new victories.

"Now that long time has passed, history has summarized the influence of these early missionaries. If we ask who destroyed the great social evils of Rome, Lecky answers, 'The Christian missionaries.' Asking when the rude tribes of the northern forests began to be nations, Hallam answers: 'When Boniface crossed the Alps on his Christian mission.'

Asked for the beginning of England's greatness, Green tells us the story of the two Christian teachers who, one winter's night, entered the rude banqueting hall of King Ethelbert. English literature begins with two monks, Caedmon and Bede, John Morley affirms; while, if we journey to the west, we hear our minister to China, Mr. Denby, saying: 'We owe the new commerce and the "open door" in China, not to our diplomats, and not to the influence of such a man as Lord Beresford, but to the missionaries.' For savage races are poor traders. A single group of islands near Australia last year exported $25,000,000 to England—a group of islands that two generations ago were savage, and without any trade whatsoever. When by education a hundred new wants are opened up in each of China's 300,000,000, then the commercial value of their trade will be multiplied a hundredfold. The true commercial travelers, therefore, are Christian educators, publishers, physicians and moral teachers. And the present missionary campaigns in Africa and Asia are the two most important commercial events in the century. But all this is only a secondary and incidental result of missions—the primary aim is to unify our race, to transform all individuals and to carry all peoples up toward wisdom and righteousness and love, until the kingdom of heaven comes upon earth.

"It has been said that nothing fascinates listeners like the tales of eloquence and heroism. Men are charmed by the story of some orator who faces the hostile mob, rebukes his enemies, inspires, chastises and conquers them. Men love to hear of the soldiers who leap into the breach, and the martyrs who die that another may live, and the generations weave wreaths for the hero's tomb. But the history of heroes and of heroism knows nothing that surpasses the fortitude, the endurance and the self-sacrifice of these knights of the new chivalry. What book of warriors can surpass certain chapters in the life of Francis Xavier, the missionary to Asia? He was the heir to castle and estate; a brilliant scholar in the University of Paris; he was pierced by the word of Christ, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' He went forth, resigning to others his castle and lands. He took passage on a ship bound for India, and there toiled, subsisting upon the scraps and crusts given to him by others, as nurse for the sick soldiers and sailors. Entering the villages of India, he rang a little bell and called the people together. His face was gentleness and benignity; his life, service; his eloquence, simplicity, holiness and love. When the plague broke out, he went from hut to hut, a physician who prescribed remedies, a nurse who washed their garments, a friend fulfilling every sad office, a consoler, pointing the dying to the cross of Christ. Imprisoned oft by rulers, beaten and kicked about by mobs, always in danger of eating poisoned food, he went forward amidst incredible dangers. He helped a rajah save his city in time of hostile invasion; he reformed the guilty city of Malacca; amidst squalor, disease, worn by fever, he preached until his voice became a whisper, and baptized until his hand dropped with weariness. And, having journeyed through China, he looked eagerly toward Japan. Attacked by fever, he was laid upon his blanket upon China's seashore, and lying there, under the rain, on a cold winter's day, he saw the signals of release, and, dying, whispered, 'In thee, O God, have I trusted; I shall never be confounded.'

"And here is Patteson, the brave, pure Eton college boy, refusing ease and high honors in England's university to go to the South Sea Islands. One day he leaves his servants in the boat, swims through the surf toward a group of painted savages, who meet him with war clubs and put him to death. And here is Dr. Paton, the hero of the New Hebrides, who saw his companions murdered, who lay upon the ground with his hands bound, looking up at the war clubs of cannibals, and by sheer fortitude conquered his murderers. And he has transformed twenty of those great islands, until each has its homes, one great central school, one church, with the beginning of all those instruments that make for our civilization. And what shall we say more of Livingstone, dying in the heart of Africa; of the brave commodore, slain by savages in Madagascar; of Mackay in Uganda. They have been in perils of the sea, in perils of the wilderness, in perils of poisoned arrows, in perils of war clubs, in perils of wild beasts, in perils of dungeon and fetter. And out of all these dangers have found deliverance and victory. The astronomer points to the single star in the sky, with awful spaces of millions of miles to the next star. But the sky of our century is sown with these shining orbs named heroes and heroines. The old knights marched forth in the name of the imaginary wrongs of some woman, but these new knights journey forth to destroy injustice that is real and degrading, and in the name of universal liberty. Oh, wondrous spirit, the spirit of the Christian missionary whose greatness dwarfs all our deeds into petty littleness, of whose characters and achievements our world is not worthy.

"Of Christianity we may say, the past at least is secure. Some there are, however, who question what is its future. Is Christianity declining, or is it waxing? Has it the seeds of universal progress, or has it exhausted itself by former labors, and become old and decrepit? Plainly, that religion alone will survive that is aggressive, full of youth and enthusiasm,

and that every day plans new campaigns. Confessedly, there are only three systems of religion that can, in any sense, be termed competitors of Christianity. Here is Confucianism. But this religion itself declares that its golden day is in the far away past, and that it only remains for the Chinese people to look backward to Confucius, to cherish no faculty save memory, and have no worship save their dead ancestors. The old Confucianism is big with destruction, and totters toward its fall. Here is the religion of India, with its untold millions of gods and idols. But, having tested democratic institutions for a century, the world's best thinkers now feel that the caste system, emphasizing class distinctions, is false in philosophy and false in fact, and ruinous to progress. Therefore it has been said that every Christian college in India smashes a million mud idols, and the religion of harems, child marriages and caste, is doomed. Mohammedanism remains—but Mohammedanism unveils God's throne as iron, and his arm as blood. Its method of conquest is the sword. Its missionaries are warriors, and its heaven is a vast harem, where each soldier is to have a hundred wives. The bald savagery of Mohammedanism is revolting to the races that believe in law, liberty, tools and progress. But Christianity alone has the golden age before it. It is said that it is nineteen centuries old, and will soon be outgrown. But all abiding and permanent things are old. Gravity is old, as old as that hour when swirling fire-mist broke away from its central sun. The sun is old, antedating even the hour when the morning stars sang together for joy. Our earth is old. Millions of years have passed since with ice plow and fire roller God began to prepare our earth house as a home for his children. Right and wrong are old; as old as the throne of God. Love is old; as old as that Eden in which affection between that first father and mother made the wilderness to be a paradise. We have journeyed away from our ox carts to the palace car, but man still hungers for bread. We have exchanged the mud hut for the beautiful house, but the home and love remain. We have outgrown old books, old theologies, old creeds, just as we have outgrown old astronomers, old medicines, old tents. But God abides, as everlasting as the summer sun, and Christ's love is as eternal as the summer; and the Christian religion hath foundations that are permanent, that nothing can overthrow. And the new enthusiasm represented by ten thousand eager students in our colleges and universities, now ready to start to Africa and India and China and South America, the wealth flowing like a golden river to support these Christian heroes, the hospitals, the schools, the colleges, the printing presses, the churches, the manual training schools, the exhibits in these dark centers of all that makes for an American and Christian community, means the transformation of heathen lands and the bringing in of a new era when there shall be a federation of the world, based upon the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the divine book, God's word, one Savior and Redeemer and Teacher and Master, Jesus Christ; one law—the law of love and sympathy; one method, education, through the schoolhouse and press and church, and one end, to bring the kingdom of God back to our sinning and troubled earth."

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From Brousa.

Mrs. Baldwin of Brousa, Turkey, writes as follows:

"Our closing exercises this year were of more than usual interest. Commencement on the fourth of July, kindergarten entertainment on the ninth and public exercises at the orphanage on the twelfth. There were four graduates from the regular school. * * * Rebecca, who went to Smyrna and took the kindergarten course and now, this last year, has done good work with me again, will begin teaching in September, taking Beatrice's place in the orphanage. We are sorry to lose B., but when she marries and goes to her new home in another city, who knows what a center of influence she may be there?

"The second is Mariam, from Banderma, whose father and mother came a two days' journey to see her graduate. She is an only daughter and the joy of these simple people was very touching. Mariam we shall now take for a second assistant in our regular school, as the work has been far too heavy for Miss Rebecca this past year. Mariam gives excellent promise of being a good teacher.

"The third is Yeonigeh (Eunice), sister of our kindergarten teacher, and we have offered her the position of assistant to her sister. The fourth, Aroosiag—Venus—is a Gregorian girl, the first non-Protestant graduate in all these years. She is a most conscientious, faithful girl and much good seed has been sown; let us hope for the abundant harvest some day.

She will return to school in the fall to finish up one or two English studies, as she began this language later than the others. It seemed too bad to keep her waiting to graduate with the next class, for she had finished the majority of the lessons of the senior class.

"From the kindergarten there were three graduates and their little diplomas meant as much to them as the older girls' to them.

"We four teachers had worked together so long and so harmoniously that I thought we should like a photo. * * * Miss Demetra, the kindergarten teacher, sits on the floor; behind her is Miss Rebecca, who has taught ever since she graduated in 1887—first in Brousa West and then here with me ever since we opened the school on this side of the city. She is tired and feels the need of a long vacation, but so far I have not been able to give it to her. The one behind me is Miss Mianzara, who mothers the boarders and takes such good care of them. The quiet-looking old lady certainly needs no introduction. * * * Of course you have heard how some of the young ladies sent four books, one for each graduate. It was the first time the girls had been remembered in this way and they were greatly impressed by the kindness as well as pleased with the present itself.

"On the prayer calendar, July 5th, the W. B. M. P. was to be remembered in prayer—'Redeemed woman first,' etc. Pray that all our girls may declare the message of 'salvation through faith.'"

Southern Branch.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon once said: "Dear Friends, we must get up higher still in praying about missions. I know some men can get anything they like in prayer. Oh, for some five hundred Elijahs, each one upon his Carmel, crying unto God! and we should soon have clouds bursting with showers. Oh, for more prayer, more constant, incessant mention of the mission cause in prayer, and then the blessing will be sure to come."

The Christians of our country have just passed through a week of special prayer, according to the call of the denominational Boards of Missions in unison.

A week of spiritual uplift it has been to those who have entered into it—for this cause is the cause of God.

Let us not stop with a week of prayer for missions, but only with a life of prayer, building on the promise, "I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

The year's aim of the Southern Branch—$2,000—is divided among the seniors, juniors and juveniles, as follows: Seniors: Zulu Mission, Africa, Mrs. J. C. Dorward; Japan, Kyota, Doshisha, Miss Denton, Doshisha Girl's School; Micronesia, Kusaie, Miss Wilson; and a General Fund not yet designated by the W. B. M. P., $1,000. Young People: Spanish girls, Mrs. Gulick; Japanese girls, Miss Denton; girls in India, Miss Perkins; $500. Children's Department: Brousa, Turkey, Mrs. Baldwin; Micronesia Navy; $500.

These closing weeks of the year, and the opening of the new year remind us of the privilege of an extra, also, a Twentieth Century Fund of $500, toward which all departments may help, up to March 15th. This last must be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. G. E. Hughes, Pasadena, as Twentieth Century money.

What are the young women of Southern California doing for missions? Listen to the report from the First Congregational church of Pasadena. With a membership of about forty-five, regular bi-monthly meetings are held, and interesting programs are given, where the study of different countries is taken up, and whenever opportunity affords, a missionary is asked to be present, thus creating a deeper interest in the Lord's work. But it is not all study; there is genuine work done. When the mite boxes were opened last April, $105 was the result of the year's saving and giving. Beside this, $500 was sent to the Famine Fund, and $140 was devoted to Home Missionary purposes. This year the young women have pledged $100 for home and $100 for foreign missions, the same amount they pledged last year, but they do not stop at this pledge; they press on to greater work, when the need is presented. It is a blessed work, and they are blessed in it. Can they not inspire some more of the young women to form bands and unite in this service? There should be a society in every church in Southern California. Let us come to the front, especially at this time, so we may all have a share in the Twentieth Century Fund, and help to spread the gospel of our blessed Lord and Master.

YOUNG PEOPLE ATTENTION!

Note the preceding letter.

What young people have done young people can do.

Redlands' young women's society is pressing on, doing faithful work.

San Diego has recently organized a Young People's Mission Club, similar to that in the First church, Los Angeles.

Send word to Mrs. C. C. Thomas, Pasadena, of the regular amount you are aiming to raise this year.

Be alert as the year closes and the new century opens.

All young people be ready to plan for a rousing missionary service on the last Sunday night of the year. See suggestive program in The Pacific in one month.

The Sunday-School.

Sober Living. (Titus ii: 1-15.)

(World's Temperance Sunday. Read Isa. xxviii.)

Lesson VIII, November, 25, 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT: "We should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world. (Titus ii: 12.)

LESSON HINTS.

In these verses we find a series of counsels to various classes of people.

I. To aged men. Verses 1, 2. What difference there is between those men who have grown gray in the service of Christ, and those who are old in sin! Their very appearance will tell what master they serve. Here are six traits for aged saints to cultivate.

II. To aged women. Verse 3. "In behavior as becometh holiness." It is taken for granted that holiness is the possession of Christ's disciples, and certainly that it is their aim. What are those qualities in character which will recommend the gospel? Every one can recall the force of some sweet, gentle, gracious mother in Israel whose presence is a benediction.

III. To younger women. Verses 4, 5. Are these obligations and duties of the young wife oppressive? These are just what any wife and mother would render of her own accord, if she possessed the true wifely, motherly character. The yoke of marriage and of motherhood is easy and delightful when it is a yoke lined with love.

IV. To young men. Verse 6. "Sober-minded." The aged apostle, himself a man of ardent, quick temperament, names what is the greatest need of youth—thoughtfulness, a life based not on impulse, but on judgment. Youth is the time of warm hearts; let youth also cultivate cool heads and show sobriety.

V. To ministers. Verses 7, 8. Titus, to whom this letter was addressed, receives his own injunction. The pastor needs to show "a pattern of good works." No minister can drive his flock. He must lead them up to the heights of service and of holiness whereon he himself stands with glowing, joyous face and loving heart.

VI. To subordinates. Verses 9, 10. The vast majority of men must of necessity be in the condition of service, working under orders. In ancient times the workingman or workingwoman was generally a slave, bought, owned, and sold by a master. Christianity has lifted up the working classes, so that even the toiler now is free. Yet the same principles which Paul names in these verses apply to every mechanic, to every clerk, to every employe, whether in the house or the shop.

VII. To believers in general. Verses 11-15. Every disciple is to live in the spirit of self-denial as regards the present, and in the spirit of expectation for the future, looking for that blessed hope, the coming of his Lord.

GOLDEN TEXT ILLUSTRATED.

June 6, 1889, Seattle was visited by a terrible conflagration, which laid the business portion of the city in ashes.

The San Francisco store was the finest in the city. The building was supposed to be fireproof, with heavy iron shutters and outside doors. It had three or four hundred thousand dollars' worth of rich goods, silks, satins, and marvels from every land.

The great fire began about a block above this store. The intervening buildings were principally of wood, and, fanned by a strong gale, the flames were soon under fearful headway. There was no time to remove the valuable goods from the San Francisco store. The doors of the building were closed, and outside of these were fastened tightly the massive doors of iron. The shutters seemed to give the windows ample protection from the creeping, hissing fire. Great hopes were built on the fireproof nature of the building, that here the flames might find a barrier they could not pass, and so the firemen be enabled to stay the devouring element.

For a time it seemed as if this hope might be realized. The red tongues of flame beat against the brick walls apparently in vain. But soon a cry called attention to the fact that the fire had caught in the basement, creeping in under the sidewalk and entering the unprotected cellar. The great store, with all the rare and costly things in it, was soon one mass of flames. The defenses above were of no avail when the first spark found its way below.

In like manner many a promising life has been ruined. The fires of sin may be resisted as far as public and open habits are concerned, but they must also be guarded against in the most secret recesses of the soul. Evil thoughts and secret vices lay bare the foundations of life. Absolute purity and uprightness of heart, fortified by the grace of God, will not only result in noble, safe outward living, but will insure against the insidious foe of human souls. —Sophie Bronson Titterington.

HONESTY.

Lincoln, in early life, serving the government as a postmaster in the back woods, is a fine illustration of honesty. He kept his accounts with the utmost exactness but nobody knew what became of the money that came into his hand. After a while his bondsmen became somewhat uneasy and asked to see his accounts. The books were all right, but where was the money? Lincoln stepped to a back shed, and returned with a number of long woolen socks filled with coin. The amount, when counted, exactly corresponded with the balance on his books. There were the very pennies and dimes that the simple-hearted

young official had received from the sale of postage stamps from the beginning of his term. He had made no "investments"; he had not put the government's money into his pockets with his own funds. To him this seemed unsafe and imprudent. It might have resulted in error and led him into over-spending. Wrapped in the socks it was safe.

H. L. Hastings wrote of a young bankteller of blameless reputation who was detected in stealing money from the bank. When asked how it came about, he said, "Why, I was short. The money slipped out of my hands, little by little, and before I realized it I was behind." Mr. Hastings says, "He did not call it stealing, though it was; he *took* it, thinking to return it. This was the devil's device to get him to take it. If Satan had said, 'Steal' at first, the answer would have been, 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?' So he did not say, 'Steal,' he said 'Borrow, you can easily pay it back; it will all come right by and by.' But it all comes wrong by and by, and things grow worse and worse, and at last ruin overtakes the offender. Call things by their right names. No man can borrow money from a drawer, or a bank, without the permission of its owner. He can steal it, but he can not borrow it. Stealing is a hard word, but it expresses a hard thing, and the man who takes another man's property without his permission, and uses it or lends it, or gives it away, may as well write himself down as a thief at the beginning, as to wait till the courts do it at the end. Learn to let things alone which do not belong to you, and call things by their right names."

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Praise the Lord. (Ps. cxlvii; 1–20).

Topic for November 25th.

(Thanksgiving Meeting.)

Thanksgiving Day is the point of interflow where experience meets hope. Rejoicing over the past must mingle with anticipations of the future in order to have our praises complete. So it appears that our thanksgiving must be something more than a huge bonfire lighted upon rare occasions. It is, rather, the recognition of the light which never goes out. For however dark may be the present cloud that hides from our view the constant flow of God's blessings, there is never a reason for ceasing our psalms of praise or hushing our songs of thanksgiving. Thus it is that this anniversary is a kind of landing place where, in life's journey we halt awhile, to recall the continuous loving-kindnesses of our God, and praise him for the same. As truly also is it the point of departure, where we start afresh upon our journey, happy and invigorated, because the abounding mercies of God throw their attractions all along the rugged path before us.

* * *

Thanksgiving is a condition. Praise is an inward delight which, like the wind, cannot be seen, or scarcely described. Its presence is known only by its effects; and its power discovered only by its results. It is that stirring, charming, inspiring consciousness of the source from which we receive the things that make our life happy and hopeful. The quality of our praise and the absorbing nature of our thanksgiving will depend upon the character of that source to which we trace our benefits. The child's face is a photograph of the mother's love as it is upturned in unspoken gladness to receive some coveted gift. There is something that warms and thrills us as we look upon a friend who has known us so well and has appreciated our longings so thoroughly as to bestow upon us something that has answered our heart's need. The scale is a wide one. It runs from a mouthful of food to a devoted life. It varies, too. There are times when a look of sympathy is more to us than a handful of gold; when an appreciative word lights up our soul more than a public demonstration could do. Music and song; feasting and rejoicing; formal worship and choral service, are only some of the outward expressions of this inward, invisible, indescribable presence which possesses us when we go out of ourselves to greet the source of life's happy hours.

* * *

For this reason we have the ringing phrase of the psalmist, "Praise the Lord"; "Praise ye the Lord." Study the selection for this meeting. By every repetition and variation it is impressed upon us that the Lord is he whom we should praise; the Jehovah is the source of all of our gifts; and our thanksgivings should be directed to him. With this is associated the numerous facts of his provision and providential dealing with us. Notice especially how broad and comprehensive this reference is. There is a tendency to narrowness and selfishness, even in our praises to God. We thank God for a mouthful and forget the heartful; we are moved by the perishable blessing more than we are by the eternal gifts. It is not noble in us when the "full dinner pail" takes our attention more than the home full of love and the land full of purity and honor. While we are praising the Lord who "giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry," we must rise to the conception of the Lord who "taketh pleasure in them that fear him." While celebrating by song and rejoicing in the season when he has filled our granaries "with the finest of the

wheat," it is better still to let his thanksgivings thrill us because "He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel. He healeth the broken in heart, and he bindeth up their wounds."

* * *

Gratitude is life's best tonic. The world-wide need of stimulation is one of the remarkable facts of our race. Every nation resorts to some kind of stimulant to accelerate the flagging wheels of life. In our spiritual experience the tendency is to "slow down." If we do not have the stimulus of God's word and the bracing power of prayer and fellowship and active service in the kingdom, the heart-beats of devotion begin to slacken, until they often drag heavily and feebly. We must have a tonic. But there is no stimulus more healthful or more invigorating than the tonic of the habit of gratitude to God, in constant exercise. It is a pity that among the ditties and jingling rhymes sung in our public schools it cannot be that some inspiring songs of God's praise train our boys and girls into the habit of gratitude which shall be a tonic to them in days and experiences when God is their unfailing source of comfort and hope. In our Sunday-schools, all the more, we ought not to be satisfied simply with galloping music, but acquire the habit of sounding out the ringing notes of praise. Whatever else we do, let us insist with ourselves that we take frequent draughts of praise and thanksgiving. The soul that is a stranger to this habit of praise is like an unlighted cave, dark and damp and chilly. But the life where gratitude bursts out often is like the sunny slope where birds sing and flowers bloom and weary souls find rest. Praise ye the Lord.

Literature of the Day.

Book Notices.

"Zechariah." By Rev. F. B. Meyer. It is the aim of the author in this study of Zechariah to give the salient features and lessons of each chapter, with the object of alluring the student to a more searching and careful acquaintance with the prophet. Accordingly, he has given a book free from the critical, largely, and a very readable and stimulating volume. F. H. Revell Co., Chicago, $1.

"Put Up Thy Sword." By James H. MacLaren. In this study of war the author has considered both sides of the question. He is unqualifiedly against war, taking the position that no true Christian can engage in military service. Nevertheless in his discussion of the question he is not intemperate. It is considered in the form of letters and replies, and the readers will find argument for war under some circumstances as well as against it. Revell Co., Chicago, $1.

Amos R. Wells always puts forth many good thoughts when he writes. In "Nutshell Musings," one of the Quiet Hour series published by the Revell Company of Chicago, he is suggestive, as usual. He sends out the musings with these words: "We are in danger of losing the strong art of meditation. It is not the half-hour of eating that counts, but the hours of digestion; not the bit of Bible food hastily snatched, but the musing upon it."

"From Girlhood to Motherhood." By Mary Lowe Dickinson. A beautiful little gift book, this, for any girl friend, or an excellent one for parents to put into the hands of their daughters. There are wholesome talks on different kinds of girlhood, on companionship between mothers and daughters, good times and how to get them, development of good taste in dress, good reading, the use of the college, choosing or being chosen; and then, on nest-building and motherhood. F. H. Revell Co., Chicago, 30 cents.

"Choosing a Life Work." By Lewis Ransom Fiske, LL.D. This book was written with a desire to supply young men and women with such information as would help them to make a wise choice of lifework. "There is much connected with law, medicine, the ministry, pedagogy, journalism, agriculture, mechanic arts, commerce, etc., which should be understood before the individual chooses any one of these as his life support." Accordingly this volume is a good one to put into the hands of the youth, for it presents information that will lead the reader of it to judge better as to his adaptabilities. Eaton & Mains, N. Y., and 1037 Market street, S. F., 70 cents net.

"American Ideals." By Theodore Roosevelt. A volume of essays, social and political, with a biographical sketch of the author by General Francis V. Greene. No one in public life has been more a center of interest during recent years than Roosevelt. G. P. Putnam & Sons of New York have done well in that they have sent forth a cheap, but handsome, edition of his writings. They may be had for 25 cents in paper binding, 50 cents in cloth. "The Winning of the West" is in six volumes; "The Naval War of 1812" in two. Other volumes are: "The Rough Riders"; "The Wilderness Hunter"; "Hunting the Grisly"; "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman"; "Hunting Trips on the Plains and Mountains," and "Administration—Civil Service."

"Three Colonial Maids." By Julia McNair Wright. Something really new in a Revolutionary story is hard to find in these days, but Mrs. Wright has come near achieving the seemingly impossible task. Her three heroines are New England girls whose lives, up

to the opening of the story, have been ordinary enough. They are, consequently, bright, intelligent, home-loving young women, capable and self-reliant within the limits of their ordinary affairs, but not very wise concerning the great world and its ways. How their experiences during the war enlarged them; how brave they were in bearing and in doing; what manner of life they led, first at home and then as guests of the Van Rensselaers; how they had many a little adventure; and how at the end peace and comfort came into their lives after all the storm and stress, the author has vividly described. The Pilgrim Press, Boston and Chicago. Pp. 291; $1.25.

"Monday Club Sermons." Sermons on the International Sunday-school lessons for 1901. By the Monday Club. Pp. 400; $1.25. To pastors and teachers, 94 cents net; $1.05 postpaid. This unique volume contains this year sermons by such scholarly and eminent preachers as William E. Barton, D.D., Nehemiah Boynton, D.D., Charles R. Brown, Francis E. Clark, D.D., David Gregg, D.D., William Elliot Griffis, D.D., Charles E. Jefferson, D.D., and others perhaps equally able if not so widely known. So highly esteemed are these annual volumes that those of past years, most of which are out of print, are eagerly sought by purchasers of sermonic literature. To the Sunday-school teacher or superintendent these sermons are valuable because they approach the lesson from a different view-point and treat it in a different manner from the ordinary lesson help, and often in a way to suggest important truths, pointing out their significance and value, and showing their practical application. The Pilgrim Press, Boston and Chicago.

Ventura County and Prohibition.

S. BRISTOL.

Our victory over the liquor forces in this county at the late election is worth recording and publishing to the temperance people of the state, that they may rejoice with us and take courage! Two years ago a petition was gotten up, asking the Supervisors to grant us the privilege of voting for or against a prohibition ordinance. This was signed by so large a number of voters that we were granted the privilege. At the polls we carried the county by a majority of from twelve to twenty. But on the ground that the prohibitory ordinance was not distinctly attached to the yes and no squares, and because the majority was so small, the Supervisors refused to enact prohibition, and went on licensing as before. Well, for two years we have had to endure the sickening sights and smells and scenes of debauchery and degradation incident to the saloon, and which appertains to it everywhere. But we have not slumbered and slept over the matter. Dr. Chapman, the anti-saloon agitator, Revs. Ralston, Westfall and others have visited the voting precincts exposing the rascality of the business and the ruin that results, and arousing the people to a sense of duty and danger. Another petition was gotten up with the ordinance attached, was circulated through every school district and received a majority of legal signers; it compelled a reluctant Board of Supervisors to put the ordinance in the list of things to be voted upon at the November election. But we kept at work like heroes till the day of election. Nor did we stop then, till the sun was set. It was a hard-fought battle. Thirty saloons were pitted against us and they fought like tigers over their prey! They scattered like dust their easily gotten—and ill-gotten—money to buy votes, and the liquor flowed like water! There was betting—more or less over the result. Scarcely had the sun set before the saloon men began to look blue! and temperance men began to cheer! Before twelve o'clock Tuesday night, it was certain that the ordinance was carried! Wednesday came and we were all up early, and found we had carried the county by a majority which was a landslide—526 majority!—with one more temperance precinct to hear from, which will doubtless swell our majority to over 550! Rejoice with us, friends of temperance, all over California and the Pacific Coast! Take courage. Circulate petitions for the right to vote out of house and home this accursed foe of man and enemy of God. Your petitions will lead people to ask questions, elicit answers, set people a thinking, and will be educative. You can leave a leaflet to be read after you have passed from sight. If defeated, try again. See! two years ago we got only sixteen majority—now 550! The rain of truth is falling! Break up the surface, and let it down to the bed-rock, and there will be other landslides! and others still, till the whole liquor slope, with all its cities and counties, shall see a like landslide, which shall bury the saloon and all its evils, too deep for resurrection! "For he shall reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet." (I Cor. xv: 25.)

Montalvo.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds in the watery sod,
Behold, I will build me a nest on the greatness of God!
I will fly in the greatness of God, as the marsh-hen flies,
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies.
By so many roots as the marsh grass sends in the sod,
I will heartily lay me ahold of the greatness of God.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

The Home.

Molding Influence of the Home.

REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.

One reason this force—a good home—is so potent, is that nowhere else is character so thoroughly understood and the real influence of life so accurately measured. The home is no place for pretense or posing. When sick or well, cross or pleasant, sad or joyous, we there appear as we really are. And if character be beautiful and true, it will be known and felt there as nowhere else in the world.

Another reason why a Christian spirit should prevail in the home, and is so potent when it does, is because the family influence is so constant. It is not one day in the week or one hour in the day, but is all the time. It is continuous.

Another special reason why the moulding influence of the family should be made decidedly Christian is because it is so permanent. Our most lasting impressions, those that most powerfully affect our lives, and that linger longest in the memory, are received in our childhood homes.

Washington said that he was what his mother made him. Lincoln said of his mother: "I remember her prayers, and they have followed me. They have clung to me all my life." John Quincy Adams, after he had been President of the United States, in his later years, said that he had never gone to bed without repeating the prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," taught him in childhood by his mother.

It is true that some make shipwreck of their powers in spite of the early home influence. But what thousands upon thousands have been restrained by the cords that bound them, their feet held back from the ways of death, and they led to lives of purity and devotion by the memory of a father's teaching, a mother's prayers, or a sister's love!

If the observant but immoral Napoleon could say that what France needed was good mothers, we certainly can say that what the world needs today is both Christian fathers and Christian mothers—Christian homes. In proportion as these are attained will we have the ideal church and the ideal nation.

We were told by a Christian mother not long since of a teacher of the little children in a private school who recently asked each pupil to bring her the next day the name of one greatest and best man they had ever known or heard of. Next morning one brought the name of Washington, another Garfield, and so on; but her little nephew had brought the name of James C. B—, that of his own father! Would that all fathers lived so as to give their children such an idea and ideal as that!

When the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, was on his death-bed, his infant daughter was placed before him, at his request, and he uttered a fervent prayer for her, particularly beseeching that if she should live to be the queen of England, she might "rule in the fear of the Lord." In the long life, the Christian character, and the righteous rule of Queen Victoria we may behold God's answer to that dying prayer, with its encouragement to parents to commend Christ unto their children and commit them to the care of their Heavenly Father.

A dying soldier called the chaplain, who asked what he could do for him. He said: "Chaplain, I want you to cut a lock of hair for my mother; and then, chaplain, I want you to kneel down and return thanks for me."

"For what?" asked the chaplain.

"For giving me such a mother. Oh, she was a good mother, and her teachings are my comfort now."

"And so," said the chaplain, "I kneeled by his side with not a petition to utter; only praises and thanksgiving for a good mother, a Christian hope, dying grace, and an eternal home in glory."

When S. S. Prentiss, pronounced by Webster and Everett the most eloquent man they ever heard, was elected to Congress, Mrs. Judge Preble of Portland, Maine, said to him as he was about to leave the city to attend a banquet to Webster, in Boston, "I have been desirous of calling on your mother ever since she removed to the city, especially since your election, to congratulate her on having such a son." Rising immediately, he said, "Madam, congratulate the son on having such a mother."

Thank God for many Christian fathers, Christian mothers, Christian homes—the conservators of piety, the hope of the church, the hope of the nation, the hope of the world! Thank God for the thousands of homes where that divinely-warranted and so-much-needed grace of family government is found, intelligent, gentle, firm, just, and in the spirit of Christ! Thank God for family altars erected and maintained in the spirit of love, good cheer, and sincere devotion, with their educating, sin-deterring, family-binding influence! Thank God for the innumerable homes where the good old custom of "saying grace at meat" is observed, and all are taught to look upwards in dependence upon God and in grateful acknowledgement of his mercies! Thank God for the family where religious instruction in the home is still carried on, and day-schools are not looked upon as institutions to keep the children out of the streets, and Sunday-schools as substitutes for home teaching and home influence in religion. Day-schools are good; but to say that the fam-

ily cannot be depended upon for the instruction of the children is to pronounce society itself a failure. The simple fact is that the nation does not depend for the religious instruction of its youth upon public schools, where religious duties are occasionally enjoined, or on Sunday-schools, with their cheery and half-hour of weekly teaching—these are well enough in their way—but the dependence must be sought in Christian homes.

As we said at the beginning, so we say again, the Christian homes are the hope of the world. If the Christian church means anything in America it means the creation and the multiplication among us of good homes. And if Christian missions mean anything to heathen nations, it is likewise the creation and multiplication of good homes. The best reforms are the reforms that protect the home; the best philanthropy the philanthropy that makes possible better homes; for the home is the unit of society, the corner-stone of civilization, the hope of the nation, the prototype of the church, and the antitype of heaven.

Rochester, New York.

The story of the siege of Peking is to be told by the Rev. W. A.P. Martin, author of "A Cycle of Cathay," and famous as a missionary, jurist and teacher. He has just arrived in New York from China. Dr. Martin was within the walls of the British Legation all during the terrible siege, and he kept a careful record of it as events proceeded. He had been in the employ of the Chinese Government, as president of the Imperial University, for a great many years, but says that in spite of that fact the Chinese would have been delighted to cut his throat at any time they could have gotten hold of him during the recent trouble. Dr. Martin's new book will appear about December 1st, from the press of Fleming H. Revell Company.

There is one regiment of British soldiers, and only one, that is allowed to carry its badge upon the back, as well as the front of the helmet. This is the Gloucestershire Regiment, and the distinction is very highly prized. This honor is given because of the behavior of the regiment, then called the Twenty-eighth, at the battle of Alexandria, in 1801. During this battle, Napoleon's cavalry attacked the Twenty-eighth Regiment, both in front and rear at the same time. Immediately the British soldiers formed themselves in line, back to back, and repeatedly repulsed the enemy. The plan of defense was so daring, that after the battle, the King issued a warrant, granting the Twenty-eighth Regiment the privilege of wearing its badge on the back of its helmet, as well as the front.

Our Boys and Girls.

Lincoln at School.

A companion of Lincoln's boyhood gives these reminiscences of the martyr President's schoolboy days: "I was twelve years old and Abe was nine when the Lincolns moved to Hogdenville, Ky., and Abe and I started to school together up there on the hill. Abe always remained at the head of his class, and I never knew him to be turned down. His studious habits made him a favorite with the teacher, which caused a great deal of jealousy among his classmates toward him, and not being generally liked anyhow, it made him very unpopular. At school the boys older than himself would tantalize the poor boy nearly out of his senses, but he would always walk away and leave them alone—not because he was afraid of them, but from the fact that he wished to avoid trouble. They would tease him about his ragged clothes, and snatch hold of them and tear them, and then run away, leaving Abe alone to patch up his torn clothes the best he could. They would stand back and call him harsh names—they didn't dare to come within his reach. After school hours I would often find Abe in a fence corner crying as if his heart would break at the mean remarks. He would never hint to his mother that his clothes were being made fun of, knowing that it would hurt her. But finally a climax was reached. It happened in this way: One evening during recess the boys were teasing Abe more than usual, when one of them, who was much larger than he, walked up to him and pushed him backward into a mud puddle, and all the boys began to yell. This was more than Abe could stand, and walking over to where the youngster stood, he administered a severe thrashing to him, and not one of his comrades dared to interfere in his behalf. Abe's temper was up now, and going over to the other boys, he dared any one to speak, but they kept silent.

"In the summer Abe would work hard through the day, and at night would heap brush upon a log and start a fire, making a light by which he would study, and he would often sit up till midnight solving problems in his book. I frequently heard from Abe after he left La Rue county, but for several years previous to his nomination for President our intercourse ceased entirely. When I heard that he had been nominated my heart bounded with joy, and it did me good to vote for him. When the news reached me that Abe had been elected, I tell you I was proud to think that I had played with the President of the United States. I started to write to Abe, but thought that maybe he thought he was too good for me, so I didn't write. But a few days after he was elected I received a letter from him. He

wrote of those happy days we spent together when we were boys, and closed by asking me to make him a visit at the White House. I didn't go, but I felt proud. I have many times regretted that lost opportunity."

How Dick's Hair Was Cut.

"Do it while I am away then," said Dick's mother. Then she looked down in her plate, and her lip trembled.

Dick looked first at his father, who was smiling; then at his mother, who was not. After that he felt of his girl curls. He did want them cut, but if his dear mother felt sad about it—so his lip began to tremble, too.

"All right, Momsey dear," said Dick's father. "We will have it all done when you get home tomorrow night from grandmother's. And Dick will be a real boy then.

"Us mens don't wear curls, you know, Momsey," said Dick, anxiously. And then they all laughed.

The next morning Dick and his father ate breakfast alone, for mother and Mary Esther, Dick's sister, had gone.

"Here, Dick," said the father, after breakfast was over, "here is a quarter; you go down to the barber shop, where I go, and get your cut."

"All alone?" asked Dick, delighted.

"Yes," said his father, "you know the way. I shall be away all day, I am afraid, but I will be back to eat dinner with you tonight, if not for luncheon this noon, and you can eat luncheon with Harlow."

So Dick started down the street directly after breakfast. But on the way he passed a well-known toy shop, which was owned by a friend of his. One window was full of wagons, and Dick had been longing for a wagon for weeks.

"A quarter," said Dick, fingering it, "is weally too much for hair, and just about enough for a wagon."

So he went inside. "How do you do, Mr. Burns," he asked, affably, as he saw his friend, the proprietor, approaching. "I thought I'd buy one of your wagons. I've got considerable money for it with me."

"All right, Dick," said Mr. Burns, smiling. "Which one do you want?"

Dick showed his good judgment by selecting a fine one. The price was four dollars, but Dick did not ask the price; he put down the quarter and walked off with the wagon, and Mr. Burns charged Dick's father with three dollars and seventy-five cents.

Dick found the wagon heavy—or else it was his conscience—something at all events, made him walk slowly, as he came near home.

"I'm glad my father isn't home," he thought, for now I will have to cut my own hair, and it's better to do it over at Harlow's house."

Harlow was very much interested in it all, and they went out to the barn, and with Harlow's dull, round-pointed scissors and a great deal of trouble, Dick cut his curls very short in some places and quite long in others.

"You look," said Harlow, critically looking at him with his head on one side, "as though you had buttons on your head."

"It doesn't make any difference how I look, if I only don't look as if—as if—I did it," said Dick anxiously.

"It does, though," said Harlow.

"Do you think it will look that way after dark—'bout dinner time—when my father comes home?" continued Dick; still anxious?"

"Maybe not," said Harlow, doubtfully.

"Well, I will stay here till dark then," said Dick, taking what comfort he could from Harlow's doubtful assurance. It was a very long day, and by no means happy one. Harlow brought him some luncheon in the barn, and he kept out of sight as much as he could from Harlow's relatives.

But dinner time came at last, and Dick went slowly home, leaving the wagon in Harlow's care.

"Come here," said his father, who was sitting under the brightest electric light in the house. "You are late. Let us see how you look. Why, what on earth—?" And the forlorn little figure sobbed out its story on father's shoulder.

Dick's mother always thought Dick's father was a little too indulgent, but he straightened up now, and said gravely, and in what Dick thought a dreadful voice: "You may take that wagon back tomorrow morning, Richard, and tell Mr. Burns all about it, get your money, and then go to the barber shop and get your hair properly cut."

Dick thought the way of the transgressor was indeed hard, the next morning, when he trudged down the street, his Tam far over his funny looking head, and dragging the now detested wagon after him.

He had his interview with Mr. Burns, and he presently entered the barber's shop, climbed up in the velvet chair, and said in a small voice, "Will you cut my hair off smoothly, please? Here's your money beforehand."

Then he shut his eyes, and tried not to see the barber's grim smile in the looking-glass. —Central Christian Advocate.

The Story of Eleven Poor Boys.

John Adams, second president, was the son of a grocer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was reared in the pine woods for which the state is famous.

James K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a new farm in North Carolina. He was afterward a clerk in a country store.

Millard Fillmore was a son of the New York farmer, and his home was an humble one. He learned the business of a clothier.

James Buchanan was born in a small town in the Allegheny Mountains. His father cut the logs and built the house in what was then a wilderness.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a wretchedly poor farmer in Kentucky, and lived in a log cabin until he was twenty-one years old.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school, and picked up all the education he ever had.

Ulysses S. Grant lived the life of a village boy in a plain house on the banks of the Ohio River, until he was seventeen years of age.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on the farm until he was strong enough to use carpenters' tools when he learned the trade. He afterwards worked on a canal.

Grover Cleveland's father was a Presbyterian minister with a small salary and a large family. The boys had to earn their living.

William McKinley's early home was plain and comfortable, and his father was able to keep him at school.—Rocky Mountain Advocate.

Spices—Pepper.

"Mamma, don't you think it quite time we should resume our study of spices," asked Jennie. "I have not learned all I want to. This morning I read a recipe for catsup calling for capsicum. I wondered what kind of a spice it could be, so I looked in the dictionary for it. Do you know what it is, mamma?"

"Yes, daughter, I, too, have a habit of looking up what I don't know and I learned in that way a long time ago, that capsicum is only another name for cayenne pepper."

"I'm glad to find you remember so well," playfully remarked Jennie, "but, mamma, where do we get the pepper we use on our table? It is not the kind we raise in the garden, is it?"

"No; the pepper corns, or little seeds, are round, hard and black, and we call it black pepper. Sometimes the outside or black shell is taken off before grinding it and then it is called white pepper and is somewhat milder than black pepper. The people who live in hot countries are very fond of pepper and use a great deal of it in various forms. The Spanish call the pepper, chilli. There are many varieties of capsicums and several different varieties are used in the manufacture of cayenne pepper. Cayenne pepper taken in large quantities acts as an irritant poison. But the black pepper was one of the earliest spices known to man and formed an important article of commerce between India and Europe. Tribute has been levied in pepper; one of the articles demanded in the year 408 by Alaric as part of Rome's ransom was 3,000 pounds of pepper."

"What is pepper corn rent, mamma?"

"The price of pepper during Middle Ages was exorbitant. Pepper corn rents prevailed and consisted of an obligation to supply a certain kind of pepper, usually a pound, at stated intervals."

"But, mamma, we grow peppers; are they the same kind?"

"No, they are another variety and even in them you find we have them of different shapes and sizes. The pods we use as mangoes are quite large and some varieties are very mild, while others are very hot. Then we have the small red peppers."

"The kind we use in vinegar as pepper sauce? I have never seen them growing."

"I suppose they are grown in this country, but in these days of easy transportation, produce and wares of all kinds may be sent from the remotest parts of the earth with such facility that it does not matter much where things are produced, only it is well for us to know if we can."—Indiana Farmer.

How Nannie Hung the Kittens

A True Story.

Nannie was never tired of playing in the attic, for, besides all the chests and trunks and dishes for play houses, there were two of the dearest real live kittens in an old basket under the eaves.

One was maltese and white, and the other a glossy black, and no one knew where they were in the world but Nannie and Tabby, their mamma.

They soon learned to scamper about and box each other's ears with soft paws, and run sideways at Nannie's ball of yarn. Then Nannie tried to make dolls of them.

She wet the fur on the top of their heads, and parted it straight down the middle with a fine comb every morning, in spite of the wrigglings and cries.

She tried to make them go to sleep under a blanket in a basket on the chest, when they wanted to run about. One day she tied each of them around the neck to the handles of the basket, and ran down for her work.

When she came back, there hung the two kittens over the edge of the basket, nearly dead.

Nannie put them in the basket, cut the cords, and after that let them play in their own way with uncombed heads.—Teacher's World.

Church News.

Northern California.

Tulare.—Two persons were received on November 4th. There have been additions at every communion since entering the new building in February.

Weaverville.—At the communion service on the first Sunday of November one new member was received on confession of faith. The church is in good condition, spiritually and financially. The Sunday-school is larger than ever before.

Byron.—A reception was tendered Rev. T. G. Lewis and Mrs. Lewis Friday evening. A fine musical and literary program was rendered. The Rev. Dr. Gibbon of the M. E. church gave an address of welcome. The outlook is good at both Byron and Bethany. Already the people are looking forward with renewed hope.

Black Diamond.—Foreign Missionary Day with Black Diamond church resulted in an offering of $12.50. Mrs. Peck was present and made interesting addresses morning and evening, telling of the great Ecumenical Council and of the work in China. The day was very helpful in creating friends for missions. At the last communion eight were received into church by letter, including pastor and family.

San Francisco Park.—The special gospel services held at the Park Congregational church by Rev. J. B. Orr, its old pastor, each night last week, were of special blessing to the church. It has aroused a deep spiritual feeling amongst its members, besides bringing back those that were straying away. These special services will be continued this week; the subject will be devoted entirely to children. We are in hopes of having Mr. Orr continue these meetings another two weeks in December, when he gets through his two weeks' work in San Jose.

Angels Camp.—Last Sunday was communion day and two were received into fellowship, one on confession of faith and the other by letter from the First M. E. church of Stockton. Large audiences greet Mr. Bair every Sunday evening and he says church-going is becoming popular even among men. Men are turning out in goodly numbers and their voices ring out in song and responsive readings, showing they enjoy the service. Mr. Bair visited the city this week in the interest of his work, in his effort to establish a free reading room in Angels. No sacrifice will be too great to make this a success. He should receive the approval and assistance of the people at large in this good work.

Lodi.—A series of Sunday evening sermons began the 11th inst. on "The Foundation of Christian Faith," treating the following subjects: 1st, "God"; 2d, "Christ"; 3d, "Man"; 4th, "Salvation"; 5th, "The Future Life"; 6th, "The Source of Our Knowledge." The church building has been greatly improved in appearance by a couple of coats of paint, made more comfortable by a new air-tight stove, made, we hope, more musical by a new lot of hymn books, all at the cost of $250. The work goes forward quietly, holding its own in spite of the fact that five religious bodies have opened up work during the last three years, making a total of ten in a town of fourteen hundred. There are five resident pastors with five church buildings, the others worshipping in halls, but all hopeful of erecting buildings. Our church was organized in 1872, when there was but one other church in the town and is self-supporting.

Southern California.

Eagle Rock.—The new building is nearly ready for occupancy. Its cost will be about $900.

Claremont.—At the recent communion fifteen persons united with the church, two on confession of faith. The reports at the annual meeting last week showed that the church had had a year of prosperity both temporal and spiritual.

Pasadena First.—Sunday, November 7th, six new members were received. The evening service was under the direction of the Men's Club. Rev. C. S. Mason of Los Angeles spoke to a large congregation on the subject "Peeps into Palestine."

Corona.— Rev. Geo. F. Mathes of Perris spent last Sunday with the Corona church in exchange with Rev. W. N. Burr, who was with his former people in Perris. In the evening Mr. Mathes gave his lecture on "Gustavus Adolphus."

Los Angeles Third.—Mr. W. Sloan was ordained for the gospel ministry in this church on Tuesday, November 6th. Rev. H. W. Lathe was moderator, Rev. C. P. Dorland, scribe of the council. The sermon was by Superintendent Maile, the ordination prayer by Rev. D. L. Jenkins, the right hand of fellowship by Rev. T. Hendry, the charge to the church and pastor by Rev. H. W. Lathe.

Perris.—Seven new members were received into the church last Sunday. Three were on confession of their faith. It was a most impressive service. Fifteen members have been received since the first of last January. A full house greeted the pastor last Sunday evening, when he gave his lecture on "The World in the Light of the Star of Bethlehem." One of the noticeable features of the present pastorate is the increased attendance at the evening

service. The lectures never fail to draw a full house.

Paso Robles.—The foundation and exterior walls of stone for the new church have been completed at a cost of $160, and the frame and rafters will be in place, ready for shingling this week. The building when completed will be the most attractive and substantial in the county. The community is taking much interest in the work and subscribing to it. The morning service and the Endeavor meeting last Sunday had the best attendance since June. No special effort was made to secure this, it being only the expected result of the church building enterprise.

Los Angeles, Vernon.—The first in a series of three evenings in the life of Christ, illustrated with stereopticon, was given on Friday, November 2d, to a good house. Excellent views had been secured and the lantern furnished by Mr. Hunter was perfect. We recommend Mr. Hunter heartily to any of our churches needing a stereopticon. His address is No. 718 Grand avenue, Los Angeles. The house was filled with young people on a recent Sunday night to listen to the first in a series of illustrated sermons by the pastor; topic, "In the Beginning."

Oregon

Astoria.—Mrs. Montgomery, who died a few days ago, was a faithful member of the Congregational church, and at the time of her death was the only remaining member in the church of those who were original members in the organization of the church in 1866.

Sylvan.—Special services were held the last week in October at Sylvan. Brethren Ackerman, Jones, Taggart and Gray preached on successive evenings and the results were encouraging, several persons testifying to their decision to take up the Christian life.

Oregon City.—Rev. D. B. Gray is assisting Pastor Bollinger in special meetings at Oregon City this week, and in turn Mr. Bollinger is to assist in meetings at Tualitan next week. Mr. Bollinger is a hard worker, highly appreciated by his church and in the community, and the work is increasingly prosperous and successful.

Portland.—In accordance with the call for a week of prayer for China, the Congregational churches of Portland held meetings as follows: Monday, at the First church; Tuesday, at Sunnyside; Wednesday, at Hassalo Street; and Friday at Mississippi Ave., the churches holding the own meetings as usual on Thursday evening. The missionary prayer-meetings were marked by a deep spiritual interest, increasing from the first meeting to the last.

Portland, First.—An interesting baptismal service took place in the First Congregational church of Portland on Sunday, the 4th inst., in the baptism by Rev. Mr. Ackerman of the infant daughter of Mrs. McGuire. The child behaved most beautifully, as if understanding that here was a most appropriate and important ceremony. Its interest will be increased, when older it shall be told that the baptismal dress worn on this occasion was the very one the mother wore many years ago when she was baptized by the Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone in the First church of San Francisco. Mrs. McGuire's mother, still an active member of the First church, San Francisco, was present at the baptism of her grandchild. * * * The annual reception to Mr. and Mrs. Ackerman was one of the best, heartiest and most enjoyable ever held in the First church.

A Difficult Problem.

The council called to advise the Market Street church of Oakalnd as to the difficulties which confront it met last Thursday afternoon. The session was a prolonged one, not closing before nine o'colck that evening. The problem was found so difficult for solution that a committee was appointed to present certain matters to the churches most interested with the hope that the way would open up for some combination which would prove advantageous. It was also made the duty of this committee to ascertain whether such an addition could not be made to the membership of the church from Oakland Congregationalists as to insure the success of the church in its present location. The council was a large and representative one. In addition to the churches of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda, the First, Plymouth, Bethany and the Third in this city were represented, also the church at Santa Cruz. Individuals present, aside from pastors and church delegates, were the Rev. Drs. Mooar and McLean of Pacific Theological Seminary, and the Revs. J. K. Harrison and H. H. Wikoff. The council adjourned to meet at the call of the Moderator—Prof. C. S. Nash. The committee appointed is as follows: Revs. Geo. C. Adams, Geo. B. Hatch, George Mooar, H. H. Wikoff, and Messrs. R. H. Chamberlain, S. Merriam and E. T. Leiter.

A problem more difficult never confronted our Pacific Coast churches. The Pacific is of opinion that there is but one real good solution to the problem; and that is one which, if taken, would not only make that cherished work a success, but would give an uplift to Congregationalism all along the Coast. It would be an inspiring example. At first it was our intention to discuss the question in all its bearings. But on second thought it was not deemed best, for fear that the committee might thereby be hampered in its work, and its influence restricted.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. F. V. Jones of Reno, Nevada, preached in Park church Sunday.

We need many renewals at once. Our receipts for the year are falling short.

More of the labels on papers going out from this office should bear the date 1901.

Rev. Jee Gam spoke in Plymouth Avenue church, Oakland, Sunday evening.

Dr. A. P. Peck is arranging to return to China. He plans to start early next month.

The Rev. William Rader will speak on Cardinal Newman at the meeting of the ministers next Monday

Chaplain Drahms occupied Plymouth church pulpit Sunday evening, speaking on Criminology.

In the Fourth church of Oakland, Rev. Thomas Hanna spoke very interestingly Sunday evening concerning his Alaska experiences.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco were entertained at the home of the Rev. Wililam Rader, Monday evening. The after-dinner talk was in the interests of the church work in San Francisco. It was a pleasant evening in a pleasant home.

The poolroom ordinance was narrowly defeated. Twenty-two thousand four hundred and nineteen people wanted it. Only about three thousand more than that number didn't want it. The majority against it was not sufficient to squelch the effort to foist a gambling nuisance upon the city.

Rev. E. B. Bradley of Park church, Berkeley, has resigned. The church would like to have him withdraw his resignation. In the prosecution of his studies in the Theological Seminary, in the preparation of his sermons and in the pastoral work, Mr. Bradley finds himself overworked.

The Rev. Dr. Adams preached at Stanford University Sunday morning. The First church pulpit was occupied by the Rev. Dr. Willey and President Jordan, the former conducting the devotional services, the latter speaking on "The Philosophy of Despair." In the evening Dr. Adams and the Rev. William Rader exchanged pulpits.

The editor attended church Sunday in this city at the Third church and secured six new subscribers. The sermon by Rev. William Rader, the pastor, was on "The Test of Disciples." Such preaching ought to result in bringing people to an acceptance of Christ, and in the leading of those already in the Kingdom to more spiritual living. It was throughout an inspiring gospel sermon.

Some months ago the American Board of Foreign Missions offered two prizes to pastors for papers upon the subject, "Why Should Our Churches Sustain Foreign Missions?" The first prize of $150 was awarded the Rev. George B. Hatch of Berkeley; the second of $100 went to Rev. F. M. Hubbell of Belvedere, Illinois. Prizes were also offered at the same time to Sunday-school scholars for essays on foreign missionary themes. Fifteen persons won these, of which number fourteen are girls. It is said that these prize essays are in all probability to be given to the public soon.

Oregon Letter.

BY GEORGE H. HIMES.

Your correspondent has just returned to this point from a trip of a month through different parts of Eastern Oregon, going as far east as Baker City, 357 miles from Portland. While at the former place one day was given to Sumpter, 30 miles distant. This is a typical mining town, although it is now taking on the appearance of solidity and aspires to be commercially important. Permanent buildings are being erected, and two churches and a good school of 250 scholars are maintained. It is an important mining center, and is destined to continue to be such for years to come, because the possibilities lying all about have scarcely been touched. Some half-dozen important mines have been opened and sufficiently developed to pay well. These are only an earnest of what lies in store for those who would go deep into the bowels of the earth to extract therefrom the hidden treasure. The altitude of Sumpter is something over 4,000 feet. It is a veritable gem in the mountains, lying at the head of Sumpter valley, and is also at the head of Powder river, a stream which furnishes power for numerous manufacturing enterprises and is used for irrigation farther down. The lofty mountains all around are covered with snow at least two-thirds of the year. Even in Sumpter, it is not uncommon for the snow to remain on the ground from October to March. It is not so cold, however, as to deter miners from keeping at their work the year round.

The Sumpter Valley railroad is owned and operated almost exclusively by Mormons. A number of years ago these people established a lumber plant at Baker City. A logging railroad became a necessity for the furtherance of this enterprise; and now this has become a means for extensive passenger traffic. The road has been extended some thirty miles further to a town named Whitney. It is believed that the ultimate end of the road will be Canyon City. The company backing the enterprise are shrewd, far-sighted men, and outwardly are good citizens.

An extensive establishment for making sugar from sugar beets has been located at La Grande, in La Grande Ronde valley, the next west of Powder River valley. This is also operated by Mormons. Large holdings of most valuable land for raising sugar beets have been acquired, and the beet culture has already passed beyond the experimental stage. A lumber plant of considerable importance was located some time ago at Viento on the Columbia river, about sixty miles east of Portland. In all these enterprises energy, thrift, careful management in all details, prompt payment of all liabilities—in fact, all the adjuncts of thorough going business men characterize all the movements of these Mormons. In this way they get a hold upon the business community—such part of it as has no special religious predilections—and thus secure a strong footing. The Mormon element in the business community is something that must be reckoned with in the future development of the Pacific Northwest, and it will require the best talent and the best Christian manhood and womanhood to meet the exigency. So far as appears on the surface, polygamy is not practiced, although there is good authority for saying that in some instances there is scarcely a doubt but that wives are changed quite often. It is a condition, not a theory, which confronts the citizens of the Pacific States.

Baker City is a town of about 8,000 population. It is well built and surrounded by a good country. Mining, however, is the chief industry. It is an open town, and saloons and the usual adjuncts are unusually numerous. Eight churches are fairly maintained, not a Congregational church among them. The Presbyterian church is the strongest in the field, and is largely made up of Congregationalists. While at prayer-meeting in that church one evening two Congregationalists were voted into membership from Plymouth church, Seattle.

During a few days' visit at Walla Walla it was a privilege to be at the public services at the First Congregational church there. Rev. Austin Rice, the pastor, has the confidence of the people to a large degree. The new church is a handsome edifice, and it is all paid for. The membership is growing, and the outlook is highly encouraging from every point of view.

The new buildings of Whitman College were visited, and President Penrose gave a cordial invitation to attend chapel exercises. The bright-faced students were an inspiration. The college is doing a good work. The attendance is better than ever before, and constantly growing; 1900-1901 will certainly be the banner year. The new buildings are admirably adapted for their purpose, and are a grand monument to the intrepid Whitman and the devoted Eells, whose names will be linked together as long as time shall endure. President Penrose is a host in himself, an enthusiast, and has the power of inspiring others with the enthusiasm he possesses. His field of effort is wide, and he seems conscious of his opportunity. Hard-headed, practical business men, devoid of sentiment, and withal having no special interest in education from a Christian standpoint, give him audience, and contribute to the support of his plans. He certainly is the right man in the right place.

Last Friday, 9th instant, Rev. William Lewis Coleman entered into his rest, aged eighty-three years, lacing five days. He was born in Mt. Hope, Orange county, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1817, became a professing Christian at the age of 24, and united with the Mt. Hope Congregational church. During the winter of 1837 he began preparing himself for college under the direction of his pastor, Rev. David Abel. In 1837 he entered Oberlin College, and was graduated in 1843; the same year he went into the theological department and finished his studies in 1846. That year he was united in marriage to Miss Temperance Little, of Middleton, N. Y., and removed at once to Iowa, then the "far West," where he rendered active and efficient services in six different places for thirty-six years. Mrs. Coleman died in 1869, and two years afterwards he married again.

In his death a prince in Israel has fallen. He met death with an assured hope in the future life. He said, almost at the last, "Weep not for me; I shall be comforted." For months chronic disease has preyed upon his once vigorous frame. No complaint did he utter. He came to church when he was able—was a member of Mississippi Avenue church—and took deep interest in the services. The pastor, Rev. George A. Taggart, was greatly helped frequently by his suggestions. One day he said, "Father Coleman, I want you candidly to criticise my sermons; I want them to be effective in teaching the way of life." "Well, my brother," the stout old octogenarian said, "I notice you are constantly talking about duty, duty, duty; I should preach about love."

The funeral services were held in the church of his adoption, and the pastor was assisted in the services by Rev. B. S. Winchester, Rev. R. A. Rowley and Rev. Arthur W. Ackerman.

A recent trip by Rev. R. A. Rowley, Superintendent of the C. S. S. & P. S., to a region about fifty miles west of Roseburg, in the mountains, revealed a locality which has not been within the range of Christian influences for many years. This, indeed, was found to be missionary ground. The population in this locality in the early years had depended upon mining for a livelihood; those who remained became ranchers after a fashion; but being

without much ambition they did not acquire homes of any account, and in such surroundings families grew most untoward. These are human souls and they need the gospel, but know not what it means. First, in many cases, it means food and clothing, particularly the latter, for children in the main. Last Sunday Supt. Rowley told his story to the First, Hassalo and Mississippi Avenue churches. Soon they will respond, as they always have in similar cases, and the supplies will be taken in, although to do so will require pack animals and the swimming of mountain streams. Supt. Rowley with his helper, Mark Munson, organized five Sunday-schools in October—three in Douglas county and two in Coos county.

The church at Astoria, under the few weeks' ministrations of Rev. Frank Dell, is greatly encouraged. The audiences are increasing constantly, and the prayer-meetings are growing in attendance. This is an important church, Astoria being the third city, if not the second, in the State, and it has a number of very efficient workers. There is a field of usefulness for the church, and it truly hoped that the present may be the beginning of better things.

Portland, Nov. 12, 1900.

Washington Letter.

BY I. LEARNED.

Two of our local Associations have omitted their regular semi-annual meetings during the past year, largely owing to the changes in the pastorate of several of their churches. These vacancies are now partially supplied and one of them, the Tacoma Association, has been called to meet on the 13th and 14th inst. with the church at Orting, Rev. O. L. Fowler, pastor, and will have its sessions before this is seen by our readers.

It is hoped that the other, the Yakima Association, can also yet arrange for a meeting before the close of the year.

The resignation of Rev. C. W. Bushnell of Kalama will take effect on the closing Sabbath of the present month.

Rev. Geo. Baker of Christopher spent the day in Seattle recently.

The church at Washougal is still without a pastor and would be glad to learn of a minister willing to take hold of that missionary field, where, besides the central church and Sunday-school, there are four outlying Sunday-schools, in connection with which good pastoral work can be made to count much for the Master's kingdom.

Rev. E. R. Loomis, formerly, at different periods, pastor of the churches of Dayton, Walla Walla and South Bend, and for more than two years Principal of Puget Sound Academy at Snohomish, retires from the Academy about the close of the present fall term and will be ready to accept a pastorate again. The trustees purpose to fill the vacancy without any interim.

Recent letters-missive issued by the First Congregational church of Port Angeles caused the assembling of an ecclesiastical council on Friday, 9th inst., at Plymouth church, Seattle, for the purpose of examining, and if found expedient, giving Mr. J. A. Baldridge acceptable standing as a Congregational minister.

The brother was formerly of Emporia Presbytery, Kansas, but some years since, as a result of inquiry as to his doctrinal views and teachings, was deposed from their ministry. He later served a Universalist church for a year or two. About six months ago he came to Washington, bringing letters of recommendation from some of the Congregational brethren in Minnesota, and was allowed to supply some of our missionary churches for a time, and among them was that at Port Angeles, which, presuming that he was a fully ordained Congregational minister, called him to its pastorate.

Seeking in September to secure some standing in the local Association, it was found that all credentials were lacking. Hence this council, consisting of the representatives from eleven churches of the vicinage and two ministerial brethren.

After a prolonged examination of nearly four hours, and a later discussion by the council, a vote of twelve to four (two not voting) gave expression, as a result, that it was inexpedient to proceed by ordination to restore the brother to the ministry, on account of his pronounced views on eschatology. The council advised the church to seek a pastor under whom they could unite and prosecute their work in Port Angeles. Rev. C. E. Newberry of Coupeville was Scribe and Rev. Samuel Greene, Moderator of the council.

Seattle, November 10th.

Died.

ADAMS.—In this city, November 7th, George Ernst Adams, youngest son of Rev. George C. and Mercie P. Adams, aged 8 years. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Wm. Rader.

Married.

WILBUR—NUTTER.—At Soquel, by Rev. George Mooar of Pacific Theological Seminary, Rev. George H. Wilbur and Miss Harriet S. Nutter.

The Rev. H. H. Cole writes from Douglas, Alaska: "We are comfortably settled for the winter in a new parsonage, and all is going well with us."

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A writer in the Sunday Magazine tells of the good traits of Scotch street boys, who, she says, were always obliging and civil to her as she traveled through their cities. When going into buildings, she said she always left her bicycle in charge of the most mischievous boy in the crowd about her, and always found it jealously guarded by its watcher, who would not suffer the other boys to look or "speir" at it. She says of their gallantry: "The best story I know of an Edinburgh street boy was told me by a lady who witnessed the incident. There was a Christmas treat given to poor children at a mission hall, and hundreds of little ones were assembled at the doors in advance of the hour of admittance, many of whom were barefoot. Among them was a sweet-faced little girl, who seemed less hardened than most to the cold, for she shivered in her poor jacket, and danced from one foot to the other—alas, what pitiful dancing that!—on the cold, hard stones, to put some life into her chilled limbs. A boy, not much older, watched this performance for a few minutes, and then, with a sudden impulse of protection, took off his cap, put it down before her, and said, 'Ye maun stand on that.' Sir Walter Raliegh's cloak has been a symbol of chivalry for many long years, but who shall say that the little Edinburgh street boy's cap deserves a less honorable memory?"

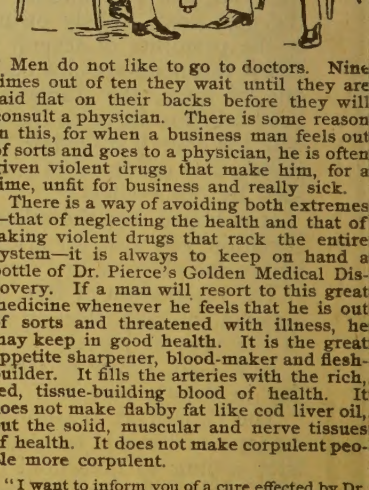
An amusing anecdote is told of the celebrated Chief Justice John Marshall, by his descendants, in illustration of his curious lack of practical sense. Returning one afternoon from his farm near Richmond, Va., to his home in that city, the hub of his wheel caught on a small sapling growing by the roadside. After striving unsuccessfully for some moments to extricate the wheel he heard the sound of an axe in the woods, and saw a negro approaching. Hailing him, he said: "If you will get that axe and cut down this tree, I will give you a dollar." "I c'n git yer clear 'thout no axe, ef dat's all yer want." "Yes, that's all," said the judge. The man simply backed the horse until the wheel was clear of the sapling; then the whole vehicle went safely around it. "You don't charge a dollar for that, do you?" asked the astonished chief justice. "No, massa; but it's wuf a dollar to larn some folks sense." The quick-witted negro got his dollar from the great lawyer without further questioning.

One day, nearly three hundred years ago, a poor optician was working in his shop in the town of Middleburg, in the Netherlands, his children helping him or amusing themselves with the tools and objects lying about, when suddenly his little girl exclaimed: "O papa, see how near the steeple comes!" Anxious to learn the cause of the child's amazement he turned towards her, and saw that she was looking through two lenses, one held close to her eye, the other at arm's length, and calling her to his side, he noticed that the eye lens was plano-concave while the other was plano-convex. Taking the two glasses he repeated his daughter's experiment, and soon discovered that she had chanced to hold the lenses at the proper focus, thus producing the wonderful effect that she observed. His quick wit saw in this a wonderful discovery, and he at once set about making use of his new knowledge of lenses. Ere long he had fashioned a tube of pasteboard, in which he set the glasses at their proper focus, and so the telescope was invented.

Bobby was spending the afternoon at his aunt's, and for some moments had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful sort of a way. "What makes you so serious, Bobby?" asked his aunt. "Why, ma told me that I must remember not to ask for anything to eat, and I am trying to remember it."

A pedagogue of the old school says that without the liberal use of the rod it is impossible to make boys smart.

The thief who makes a specialty of picking women's pockets lives on the outskirts of civilization.



Men do not like to go to doctors. Nine times out of ten they wait until they are laid flat on their backs before they will consult a physician. There is some reason in this, for when a business man feels out of sorts and goes to a physician, he is often given violent drugs that make him, for a time, unfit for business and really sick.

There is a way of avoiding both extremes—that of neglecting the health and that of taking violent drugs that rack the entire system—it is always to keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If a man will resort to this great medicine whenever he feels that he is out of sorts and threatened with illness, he may keep in good health. It is the great appetite sharpener, blood-maker and flesh-builder. It fills the arteries with the rich, red, tissue-building blood of health. It does not make flabby fat like cod liver oil, but the solid, muscular and nerve tissues of health. It does not make corpulent people more corpulent.

"I want to inform you of a cure effected by Dr. Pierce's medicines," writes Mrs. Nelson Smith, of Mount Vernon, Jefferson Co., Ills. "About six years ago I had grip, ending with bronchitis and consumption. In the spring of 1896 my condition became very serious. I had consumption and I coughed day and night; could not lie down at all. Our family doctor said I could not get well. The neighbors came in to see me die, and a lady friend recommended Dr. Pierce's medicines so strongly that we immediately sent out and bought six bottles of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription.' After using these medicines, found I was receiving benefit and continued. I weighed 120 when I commenced taking medicines, now weigh 170. I sleep well, have a splendid appetite, feel well, and believe I am entirely cured. I am thankful to God and to Dr. Pierce for those wonderful medicines. I want to add that I am a wonder to my neighbors and friends."

A circus paid a flying visit to a small country town; and the price of admission was sixpence, children under ten years of age half price. It was Edith's tenth birthday; and her brother Tom, aged thirteen, took her in the afternoon to see the show. Arrived at the door, he put down ninepence, and asked for two front seats. "How old is the little girl?" asked the money-taker, doubtfully. "Well," answered Master Tom, "this is her tenth birthday; but she was not born until rather late in the afternoon." The money-taker accepted the statement, and handed him the tickets. But it was a close shave.

The Quaker, Isaac Potts, tells us of Washington's prayer at Valley Forge, how, as he traversed the forest, he heard a fervent voice. Approaching nearer, whom should he behold, in a kind of bower, but the Commander-in-Chief, on his knees, in the act of devotion, praying to the Ruler of the universe. At the moment when Friend Potts, concealed by the trees, came up, Washington was interceding for his beloved country. When the Quaker reached home, his wife asked the reason for his agitation. "I have this day seen," replied he, "what I never shall forget. If George Washington be not a man of God, I am mistaken; and still more shall I be disappointed if God, through him, does not perform some great thing for the country."

An old man used to sweep the street crossings, for gratuitous pennies, near the House of Parliament for many years. One day he was absent. Upon inquiry, he was found by a missionary ill in a little attic chamber, barely furnished with cot and stool. "You are lonely here," said the missionary. "Has any one called upon you?" "Oh, yes," he replied; "several persons have called. Mr. Gladstone for one. He called and read to me." "Mr. Gladstone called? What did he read?" "He sat on the stool there and read the Bible to me." What a beautiful position—the greatest statesman in the world sitting on a stool in an attic reading the Word of God to a street sweeper! Great men lose none of their greatness by kindness to God's poor.—Dr. Broadus.

Mind-cure Doctor: "Make up your mind that there is no pain, and there is none. Five dollars, please." Patient (moving toward the door): "Make up your mind that there is no payin', and there is none. Good morning."

Rheumatism

This disease generally begins with a slight pain in the joints and, if proper treatment is begun in time the agonies that would otherwise follow can be averted. Even in cases that have become aggravated a remedy now exists that promises a certain and lasting cure, as will be seen by the following sworn statement. Mr. Frank Remmelt, 709 McGee Street, Elmira, N. Y., was laid up with rheumatism which resulted from standing, during his work, upon a damp floor. He says:

"About a year ago I was attacked with rheumatism in my feet and legs, chiefly in my legs. They swelled greatly and became very stiff and sore. Whenever I attempted to walk the pain was awful. I had been suffering in this way for about three months when someone handed me a pamphlet advertising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I read it through carefully and made up my mind to give them a fair trial, for not only was I anxious to be relieved of my sufferings, but I knew that unless I could get relief I would soon have to give up work altogether and this I could not afford to do. I got two boxes at first and by the time the second one was used up I began to feel decidedly better. The swelling was going down, and the stiffness and pain were much less and I found I could get about much better. I got three more boxes and by the time the last of them had been taken I was entirely free from the swelling, the pain and the stiffness. In fact I was cured, and I am glad to say that I have had no return of the trouble since."

(Signed) **FRANK REMMELT.**

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of June, 1900.

E. SHAY, *Notary Public.*

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